Horizon

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART

THE ART OF DONALD McGILL
by GEORGE ORWELL

WAR SYMPOSIUM:
(v) THE CREATION OF A CLASS
ANONYMOUS

JOYCE'S CHAPTERS OF GOING FORTH BY DAY
by FRANK BUDGEN

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GEORGE ORWELL

THE ART OF DONALD McGILL

WHO does not know the 'comics' of the cheap stationers' windows, the penny or twopenny coloured postcards with their endless succession of fat women in tight bathing dresses, and their crude drawing and unbearable colours, chiefly hedge sparrow's egg tint and Post Office red?

This question ought to be rhetorical, but it is a curious fact that many people seem to be unaware of the existence of these things, or else to have a vague notion that they are something to be found only at the seaside, like nigger minstrels or peppermint rock. Actually they are on sale everywhere—they can be bought at nearly any Woolworth's, for example—and they are evidently produced in enormous numbers, new series constantly appearing. They are not to be confused with the various other types of comic illustrated postcard, such as the sentimental ones dealing with puppies and kittens or the Wendyish, sub-pornographic ones which exploit the love affairs of children. They are a *genre* of their own, specializing in very 'low' humour, the mother-in-law, baby's nappy, policemen's boots type of joke, and distinguishable from all the other kinds by having no artistic pretentions. Some half dozen publishing houses issue them, though the people who draw them seem not to be numerous at any one time.

I have associated them especially with the name of Donald McGill because he is not only the most prolific and by far the best of contemporary postcard artists, but also the most representative, the most perfectly in the tradition. Who Donald McGill is I do not know. He is apparently a trade name, for at least one series of postcards is issued simply as 'The Donald McGill Comics', but he is also unquestionably a real person with a style of drawing which is recognizable at a glance. Anyone who examines his postcards in bulk will notice that many of them are not despicable even as drawings, but it would be mere dilettantism to pretend that they have any direct æsthetic value. A comic postcard is simply an illustration to a joke, invariably a 'low' joke, and it stands or falls by its

ability to raise a laugh. Beyond that it has only 'ideological' interest. McGill is a clever draughtsman with a real caricaturist's touch in the drawing of faces, but the special value of his post-cards is that they are so completely typical. They represent, as it were, the norm of the comic postcard. Without being in the least imitative, they are exactly what comic postcards have been any time these last forty years, and from them the meaning and purpose of the whole *genre* can be inferred.

Get hold of a dozen of these things, preferably McGill's—if you pick out from a pile the ones that seem to you funniest, you will probably find that most of them are McGill's—and spread them out on a table. What do you see?

Your first impression is of overpowering vulgarity. This is quite apart from the ever-present obscenity, and apart also from the hideousness of the colours. They have an utter lowness of mental atmosphere which comes out not only in the nature of the jokes but, even more, in the grotesque, staring, blatant quality of the drawings. The designs, like those of a child, are full of heavy lines and empty spaces, and all the figures in them, every gesture and attitude, are deliberately ugly, the faces grinning and vacuous, the women monstrously parodied, with bottoms like Hottentots. Your second impression, however, is of indefinable familiarity. What do these things remind you of, what are they so like? In the first place, of course, they remind you of the barely different postcards which you probably gazed at in your child-hood. But more than this, what you are really looking at is something as traditional as Greek tragedy, a sort of sub-world of smacked bottoms and scrawny mothers-in-law which is a part of western European consciousness. Not that the jokes, taken one by one, are necessarily stale. Not being debarred from smuttiness, comic postcards repeat themselves less often than the joke columns in reputable magazines, but their basic subject-matter, the *kind* of joke they are aiming at, never varies. A few are genuinely witty, in a Max Millerish style. Examples:

'I like seeing experienced girls home.'

'But I'm not experienced!'

You're not home yet!'

'I've been struggling for years to get a fur coat, How did you get yours?'

'I left off struggling.'

Judge: 'You are prevaricating, sir. Did you or did you not sleep with this woman?'

Co-respondent: 'Not a wink, my lord!'

In general, however, they are not witty but humorous, and it must be said for McGill's postcards, in particular, that the drawing is often a good deal funnier than the joke underneath it. Obviously the outstanding characteristic of comic postcards is their obscenity, and I must discuss that more fully later. But I give here a rough analysis of their habitual subject-matter, with such explanatory remarks as seem to be needed:—

Sex. More than half, perhaps three-quarters, of the jokes are sex jokes, ranging from the harmless to the all-but unprintable. First favourite is probably the illegitimate baby. Typical captions: 'Could you exchange this Lucky Charm for a baby's feeding bottle?' 'She didn't ask me to the christening, so I'm not going to the wedding.' Also newlyweds, old maids, nude statues, and women in bathing dresses. All of these are *ipso facto* funny, mere mention of them being enough to raise a laugh. The cuckoldry joke is very seldom exploited, and there are no references to homosexuality.

Conventions of the sex joke:

i. Marriage only benefits the women. Every man is plotting seduction and every woman is plotting marriage. No woman ever remains unmarried voluntarily.

ii. Sex appeal vanishes at about the age of twenty-five. Well-preserved and good-looking people beyond their first youth are never represented. The amorous honeymooning couple reappear as the grim-visaged wife and shapeless, moustachio'd, rednosed husband, no intermediate stage being allowed for.

Home life. Next to sex, the henpecked husband is the favourite joke. Typical caption: 'Did they get an X-ray of your wife's jaw at the hospital?'—'No, they got a moving picture instead.'

Conventions:

i. There is no such thing as a happy marriage.

ii. No man ever gets the better of a woman in argument.

Drunkenness. Both drunkenness and teetotalism are *ipso facto* funny.

Conventions:

i. All drunken men have optical illusions.

ii. Drunkenness is something peculiar to middle-aged men. Drunken youths or women are never represented.

W.C. jokes. There is not a large number of these. Chamber-pots are *ipso facto* funny, and so are public lavatories. A typical postcard, captioned 'A Friend in Need', shows a man's hat blown off his head and disappearing down the steps of a ladies' lavatory.

Inter-working-class snobbery. Much in these postcards suggests that they are aimed at the better-off working class and poorer middle-class. There are many jokes turning on malapropisms, illiteracy, dropped aitches, and the rough manners of slum-dwellers. Countless postcards show draggled hags of the stage charwoman type exchanging 'unladylike' abuse. Typical repartee: 'I wish you were a statue and I was a pigeon!' A certain number produced since the war treat evacuation from the anti-evacuee angle. There are the usual jokes about tramps, beggars and criminals, and the comic maidservant appears fairly frequently. Also the comic navvy, bargee, etc.; but there are no anti-Trade Union jokes. Broadly speaking, everyone with much over or much under £5 a week is regarded as laughable. The 'swell' is almost as automatically a figure of fun as the slum-dweller.

Stock figures. Foreigners seldom or never appear. The chief locality joke is the Scotsman, who is almost inexhaustible. The lawyer is always a swindler, the clergyman always a nervous idiot who says the wrong thing. The 'knut' or 'masher' still appears, almost as in Edwardian days, in out-of-date-looking evening clothes and an opera hat, or even with spats and a knobby cane. Another survival is the Suffragette, one of the big jokes of the pre-1914 period and too valuable to be relinquished. She has reappeared, unchanged in physical appearance, as the Feminist lecturer or Temperance fanatic. A feature of the last few years is the complete absence of anti-Jew postcards. The 'Jew joke', always somewhat more ill-natured than the 'Scotch joke" disappeared abruptly soon after the rise of Hitler.

Politics. Any contemporary event, cult or activity which has comic possibilities (for example, 'free love', Feminism, A.R.P., nudism) rapidly finds its way into the picture postcards, but their general atmosphere is extremely old-fashioned. The implied political outlook is a Radicalism appropriate to about the year

1900. At normal times they are not only not patriotic, but go in for a mild guying of patriotism, with jokes about 'God save the King', the Union Jack, etc. The European situation only began to reflect itself in them at some time in 1939, and first did so through the comic aspects of A.R.P. Even at this date few postcards mention the war except in A.R.P. jokes (fat woman stuck in the mouth of Anderson shelter: wardens neglecting their duty while young woman undresses at window she has forgotten to black out, etc., etc.). A few express anti-Hitler sentiments of a not very vindictive kind. One, not McGill's, shows Hitler, with the usual hypertrophied backside, bending down to pick a flower. Caption: 'What would *you* do, chums?' This is about as high a flight of patriotism as any postcard is likely to attain. Unlike the twopenny weekly papers, comic postcards are not the product of any great monopoly company, and evidently they are not regarded as having any importance in forming public opinion. There is no sign in them of any attempt to induce an outlook acceptable to the ruling class.

Here one comes back to the outstanding, all-important feature of comic postcards, their obscenity. It is by this that everyone remembers them, and it is also central to their purpose, though not in a way that is immediately obvious.

A recurrent, almost dominant motif in comic postcards is the woman with the stuck-out behind. In perhaps half of them, or more than half, even when the point of the joke has nothing to do with sex, the same female figure appears, a plump 'voluptuous' figure with the dress clinging to it as tightly as another skin and with breasts or buttocks grossly ever-emphasized, according to which way it is turned. There can be no doubt that these pictures lift the lid off a very widespread repression, natural enough in a country whose women when young tend to be slim to the point of skimpiness. But at the same time the McGill postcard—and this applies to all other postcards in this *genre*—is not intended as pornography but, a subtler thing, as a skit on pornography. The Hottentot figures of the women are caricatures of the Englishman's secret ideal, not portraits of it. When one examines McGill's postcards more closely, one notices that his brand of humour only has meaning in relation to a fairly strict moral code. Whereas in papers like *Esquire*, for instance, or *La Vie Parisienne*, the imaginary background of the jokes is always promiscuity, the utter

breakdown of all standards, the background of the McGill postcard is marriage. The four leading jokes are nakedness, illegitimate babies, old maids and newly-married couples, none of which would seem funny in a really dissolute or even 'sophisticated' society. The postcards dealing with honeymoon couples always have the enthusiastic indecency of those village weddings where it is still considered screamingly funny to sew bells to the bridal bed. In one, for example, a young bridegroom is shown getting out of bed the morning after his wedding night. 'The first morning in our own little home, darling!' he is saying: 'I'll go and get the milk and paper and bring you up a cup of tea.' Inset is a picture of the front doorstep; on it are four newspapers and four bottles of milk. This is obscene, if you like, but it is not immoral. Its implication—and this is just the implication that *Esquire* or the *New Yorker* would avoid at all costs—is that marriage is something profoundly exciting and important, the biggest event in the average human being's life. So also with jokes about nagging wives and tyrannous mothers-in-law. They do at least imply a stable society in which marriage is indissoluble and family loyalty taken for granted. And bound up with this is something I noted earlier, the fact that there are no pictures, or hardly any, of good-looking people beyond their first youth. There is the 'spooning' couple and the middle-aged, cat-and-dog couple, but nothing in between. The *liaison*, the illicit but more or less decorous love-affair which used to be the stock joke of French comic papers, is not a postcard subject. And this reflects, on a comic level, the working-class outlook which takes it as a matter of course that youth and adventure—almost, indeed, individual life—end with marriage. One of the few authentic class differences, as opposed to class distinctions, still existing in England is that the working classes age very much earlier. They do not live less long, provided that they survive their childhood, nor do they lose their physical activity earlier, but they do lose very early their youthful appearance. This fact is observable everywhere, but can be most easily verified by watching one of the higher age groups registering for military service; the middle- and upper-class members look, on average, ten years younger than the others. It is usual to attribute this to the harder lives that the working classes have to live, but it is doubtful whether any such difference now exists as would account for it. More probably the truth is that the working classes

reach middle age earlier because they accept it earlier. For to look young after, say, thirty is largely a matter of wanting to do so. This generalization is less true of the better-paid workers, especially those who live in council houses and labour-saving flats, but it is true enough even of them to point to a difference of outlook. And in this, as usual, they are more traditional, more in accord with the Christian past than the well-to-do women who try to stay young at forty by means of physical jerks, cosmetics and avoidance of child-bearing. The impulse to cling to youth at all costs, to attempt to preserve your sexual attraction, to see even in middle age a future for yourself and not merely for your children, is a thing of recent growth and has only precariously established itself. It will probably disappear again when our standard of living drops and our birth-rate rises. 'Youth's a stuff will not endure' expresses the normal, traditional attitude. It is this ancient wisdom that McGill and his colleagues are reflecting, no doubt unconsciously, when they allow for no transition stage between the honeymoon couple and those glamourless figures, Mum and Dad.

I have said that at least half McGill's postcards are sex jokes, and a proportion, perhaps ten per cent, are far more obscene than anything else that is now printed in England. Newsagents are occasionally prosecuted for selling them, and there would be many more prosecutions if the broadest jokes were not invariably protected by double meanings. A single example will be enough to show how this is done. In one postcard, captioned 'They didn't believe her', a young woman is demonstrating, with her hands held apart, something about two feet long to a couple of open-mouthed acquaintances. Behind her on the wall is a stuffed fish in a glass case, and beside that is a photograph of a nearly naked athlete. Obviously it is not the fish that she is referring to, but this could never be proved. Now, it is doubtful whether there is any paper in England that would print a joke of this kind, and certainly there is no paper that does so habitually. There is an immense amount of pornography of a mild sort, countless illustrated papers cashing in on women's legs, but there is no popular literature specializing in the 'vulgar', farcical aspect of sex. On the other hand, jokes exactly like McGill's are the ordinary small change of the revue and music-hall stage, and are also to be heard on the radio, at moments when the censor happens

to be nodding. In England the gap between what can be said and what can be printed is rather exceptionally wide. Remarks and gestures which hardly anyone objects to on the stage would raise a public outcry if any attempt were made to reproduce them on paper. (Compare Max Miller's stage patter with his weekly column in the *Sunday Dispatch.*) The comic postcards are the only existing exception to this rule, the only medium in which really 'low' humour is considered to be printable. Only in postcards and on the variety stage can the stuck-out behind, dog and lamp-post, baby's nappy type of joke be freely exploited. Remembering that, one sees what function these postcards, in their humble way, are performing.

What they are doing is to give expression to the Sancho Panza view of life, the attitude to life that Miss Rebecca West once summed up as 'extracting as much fun as possible from smacking behinds in basement kitchens.' The Don Quixote-Sancho Panza combination, which of course is simply the ancient dualism of body and soul in fiction form, recurs more frequently in the literature of the last four hundred years than can be explained by mere imitation. It comes up again and again, in endless variations, Bouvard and Pécuchet, Jeeves and Wooster, Bloom and Dedalus, Holmes and Watson. (The Holmes-Watson variant is an exceptionally subtle one, because the usual physical characteristics of the two partners have been transposed.) Evidently it corresponds to something enduring in our civilization, not in the sense that either character is to be found in a 'pure' state in real life, but in the sense that the two principles, noble folly and base wisdom, exist side by side in nearly every human being. If you look into your own mind, which are you, Don Quixote or Sancho Panza? Almost certainly you are both. There is one part of you that wishes to be a hero or a saint, but another part of you is a little fat man who sees very clearly the advantages of staying alive with a whole skin. He is your unofficial self, the voice of the belly protesting against the soul. His tastes lie towards safety, soft beds, no work, pots of beer and women with 'voluptuous' figures. He it is who punctures your fine attitudes and urges you to look after Number One, to be unfaithful to your wife, to bilk your debts, and so on and so forth. Whether you allow yourself to be influenced by him is a different question. But it is simply a lie to say that he is not part of you, just as it is a lie to say that Don Quixote is not

part of you either, though most of what is said and written consists of one lie or the other, usually the first.

But though in varying forms he is one of the stock figures of literature, in real life, especially in the way society is ordered, his point of view never gets a fair hearing. There is a constant world-wide conspiracy to pretend that he is not there, or at least that he doesn't matter. Codes of law and morals, or religious systems, never have much room in them for a humorous view of life. Whatever is funny is subversive, every joke is ultimately a custard pie, and the reason why so large a proportion of jokes centre round obscenity is simply that all societies, as the price of survival, have to insist on a fairly high standard of sexual morality. A dirty joke is not, of course, a serious attack upon morality, but it is a sort of mental rebellion, a momentary wish that things were otherwise. So also with all other jokes, which always centre round cowardice, laziness, dishonesty or some other quality which society cannot afford to encourage. Society always has to demand a little more from human beings than it will get in practice. It has to demand faultless discipline and self-sacrifice, it must expect its subjects to work hard, pay their taxes and be faithful to their wives, it must assume that men think it glorious to die on the battlefield and women want to wear themselves out with child-bearing. The whole of what one may call official literature is founded on such assumptions. I never read the proclamations of generals before battle, the speeches of führers and prime ministers, the solidarity songs of public schools and Left Wing political parties, national anthems, Temperance tracts, papal encyclicals and sermons against gambling and contraception, without seeming to hear in the background a chorus of raspberries from all the millions of common men to whom these high sentiments make no appeal. Nevertheless the high sentiments always win in the end, leaders who offer blood, toil, tears and sweat always get more out of their followers than those who offer safety and a good time. When it comes to the pinch human beings are heroic. Women face childbed and the scrubbing brush, revolutionaries keep their mouths shut in the torture chamber, battleships go down with their guns still firing when their decks are awash. It is only that the other element in man, the lazy, cowardly, debt-bilking adulterer who is inside all of us, can never be suppressed altogether and needs a hearing occasionally.

The comic postcards are one expression of his point of view, a humble one, less important than the music halls, but still worthy of attention. In a society which is still basically Christian they naturally concentrate on sex jokes; in a totalitarian society, if they had any freedom of expression at all, they would probably concentrate on laziness or cowardice, but at any rate on the unheroic in one form or another. It will not do to condemn them on the ground that they are vulgar and ugly. That is exactly what they are meant to be. Their whole meaning and virtue is in their unredeemed lowness, not only in the sense of obscenity, but lowness of outlook in every direction whatever. The slightest hint of 'higher' influences would ruin them utterly. They stand for the worm's-eye view of life, for the music-hall world where marriage is a dirty joke or a comic disaster, where the rent is always behind and the clothes are always up the spout, where the lawyer is always a crook and the Scotsman always a miser, where the newlyweds make fools of themselves on the hideous beds of seaside lodging-houses and the drunken red-nosed husbands roll home at four in the morning to meet the linen-nightgowned wives who wait for them behind the front door, poker in hand. Their existence, the fact that people want them, is symptomatically important. Like the music halls, they are a sort of saturnalia, a harmless rebellion against virtue. They express only one tendency in the human mind, but a tendency which is always there and will find its own outlet, like water. On the whole, human beings want to be good, but not too good, and not quite all the time. For:

'there is a just man that perishes in his righteousness, and there is a wicked man that prolongeth his life in his wickedness. Be not righteous over much; neither make thyself over wise: why shouldst thou destroy thyself? Be not overmuch wicked, neither be thou foolish: why shouldst thou die before thy time?'

In the past the mood of the comic postcard could enter into the central stream of literature, and jokes barely different from McGill's could be casually uttered between the murders in Shakespeare's tragedies. That is no longer possible, and a whole category of humour, integral to our literature till 1800 or thereabouts, has dwindled down to these ill-drawn postcards, leading a barely legal existence in cheap stationers' windows. The corner of the human heart that they speak for might easily manifest itself in worse forms, and I for one should be sorry to see them vanish.

ROBERT GRAECEN

THE BIRD

A bird flew tangent-wise to the open window.
His face was a black face of black, unknowing death;
His eyes threw the grim glint of sharpened stones,
That children pile by unfrequented roads.

And that night, dreaming into a rapture of cardboard life,
I started at the lean face of the bird:
A crow I think it was; but it was also death:
And sure enough there was the crisp telegram next morning.

I placed my mirror to the flat, unfiltered light,
But the razor cut me, in spite of the guarantee;
And I knew it was not the razor, but the ebony beak,
That slashed the base of my left nostril.

(II)

I loved the man who lay in the cheap coffin.
It was he first showed me the damp, stereoscopic fields
Of County Down; and now he was away to farm
The curving acres of his jealous God.

I loved the ploughing of his sun-caught brow,
And the hay-lines and chicken-feathers in his hair,
That was hay itself; the strongly cobbled boots,
And the swaying, coloured idiom of his mind.

And now he was lying with the Holy Bible under his chin,
Sorry only to have died before harvest and turf-cutting:
Lying dead in the room of rafters and the gray, stopped clock—
Because of the hatred of the bird I did not kill.

(III)

Sometimes now, years after, I am nakedly afraid in mid-winter,
And ashamed to be afraid of an incessant beak,
That raps a symphony of death on the window-panes,
Of the window I dare not throw wide open.

But one evening, just before I go to bed to die,
There will be the black face of black, unknowing death,
Flying past my open window; there will be the black bird,
With poison in his beak, and hatred in his wings. . . .

STEPHEN SPENDER

WINTER AND SUMMER

Within my head, aches the perpetual winter
Of this violent time, where pleasures freeze.
My inner eye anticipates for ever
Looking through naked trees and running wheels
Onto a blank transparent sky
Leading to nothing; as though, through iron aims,
It was stared back at by the filmy surface
Of a lid covering its own despair.
Thus, when the summer breaks upon my face
With the outward shock of a green wave
Crested with leaves and creamy foam of flowers,
I think the luxurious lazy meadows
Are a deceiving canvas covering
With a balmy paint of leafy billows
The furious volleys of careering power
Behind the sun, racing to destroy.
And under light lawns, heavy in their soil,
I hear the groaning of the wasted lives
Of those who revolve unreflecting wheels.
Alas, I prove that I am right,
For if my shadowed mind let in the light
It would return to those green foolish years
When to live seemed to stand knee-deep in flowers.
The winter was an indoor accident
When, with head pressed against the glass, I watched
The garden falsified by snow
Waiting to melt and become real again.

ANONYMOUS

THE CREATION OF A CLASS

THE creation of a governing class in peacetime affords a gloomy and fascinating study. Money, education, clothes, speech—everyone knows about it. It may take a generation. From no start at all it may take more.

But in wartime the thing is literally achieved in a night! At eleven fifty-nine or, to be more military, 23.59 hrs., a member of an officer cadet training unit is a man under obligation to salute the lowest commissioned rank he sees. He is still definitely one of the underdogs in the social hierarchy of the forces. At 24.00 hrs. he is an officer and a gentleman, the term gentleman having long since lost its meaning as one possessing duties and responsibilities in favour of one who either *is* or *is not*. You know. So-and-so is not *quite*——.

Before this transformation from a mere man into the officer caste can take place, a good many sanctions of course have been applied, vetoes negotiated and the gauntlets run of various superior officers and boards, all quick to catch you out on defects, such as lack of income or games. Games are thought a lot of in the Army. They encourage the offensive spirit, and when you have to retreat, then games are useful, too. Golf curiously enough is much sought after. It is a social game. Cadets can learn to be gentlemen in all the complexities of clubhouse etiquette, of which I shall tell more intimately later on. I know. I was intended to be one.

A typical interview, the candidate having first being selected for his superior bearing in the ranks, might run something like this:

Interrogator (looking down the information on the sheet before him): 'I see you were at so-and-so school?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You appreciate that although it is possible for an officer to live on his pay in the army nowadays, any income he may have of his own would, of course, make things easier for him?'

'I understand that, sir.'

'You play games, I suppose?'

'No, sir.'

'An occasional round of golf, no doubt?'

'Well, sir——' But the questioner has already written down the magic word, and the whispering between the one or two or three cronies has now begun. The word 'suitable' is overheard going down the table. 'Well, I think that will be all. . . .' Salute. Right about turn. Exit. To Octu.

Once at this promised land for men in battledress, modesty and self-effacement are cast to the winds. In the ranks it is 'Whatcha, chum!' or as good attempt as you can make at it. At Octu it is each for himself, and within a week all the sergeants and corporals and privates have come out in their true colours—men who mean to get on in the world. Men who are lucky enough because of the war to miss out the sending their son to a good school stage. Men who can do it themselves. Go to Octu.

Wonderful characterizations now are seen. Snobbery begets snobbery. The interview boards pointed the way: the candidates are not slow to follow.

Now let us be serious, while deploring with the objective eye of impotence the whole repetitive, probably imperative, business and look on at just how these gents are made. For there is no doubt the Army (of which I speak from knowledge) makes them. It turns them out thousand by thousand quicker and far more efficiently than any public school 'thrown open to scholars' could. And they will stick after the war. The type of class created by the Army is the most abiding there is. It has discipline. They not only wear the old school tie, but they wear the king's school tie as well. They are a most dangerous set of men, were England in a time of peace ever to forget her inveterate hatred of the military.

To begin with, they forfeit on their arrival at the Octu all honours they may have gained by merit, influence or favouritism, company sergeant-majors and that crook of crooks, the Q.M., having to ask privates at the same table in the same already refining accents to be a decent fellow and pass the mustard. In many cases, unless war substantiated, they give up extra pay as well, and in return they are not only invited, but practically commanded, to put their hand in their pocket half a dozen times a day for additional equipment, of which it is strange that the Octu quartermaster's stores has invariably a deficiency, and which all the thriving tradesmen have to offer in abundance at suitably advanced prices.

Having taken off their stripes (those who have them) the cadets are marshalled into companies or troops under the command of an officer who will make them his personal charge, attend them on the parade ground, and while on the marches, which are done every hour from lecture to lecture, at an exaggeratedly brisk step, rifles carried, head held high on view, since it is in moments such as this, falling in and marching, and in general conduct that the officer's eye is most keen. He is studying their behaviour. He is sizing them up as men. He is spying them out for slovenliness or laziness or slowness or bad turn-out or lack of seriousness or sense of humour or the display of any little human quality that might interfere with your being a good officer. The first lecture you are given is about having the offensive spirit, and the German crossing of the Meuse is praised as an instance of it. They don't want brains or individuality in an officer. They want keenness and heartiness, 'Yes, sir! No, sir!', doing something smartly wrong rather than with consideration and thought, and, of course, the Army are right in this. You could not have officers questioning the wisdom of an order. You want a brain like a tank.

Meanwhile, while the real officers are spying and note-making alongside or round the rear, so that it has been justly named Ogpu, not Octu, from among the cadets themselves—shades of Dr. Arnold!—have been chosen a cadet officer and a cadet sergeant of the week. They wear brassards with pips or stripes. They are the prefects whose opportunity it is to practise the responsibility they will have as subalterns at the expense of the men in their temporary care. Here anyone who has never been to a public school can obtain a potted version of it. The prefect stands between you and the beaks. There is no actual corporal punishment, but he can make a nasty report on a cadet who persists in regarding him on or off parade as an equal. It is the first step in that cleavage between the classes—first-class carriages for officers, third for men—which may be necessary in time of war, but must be finally done away with, together with the public schools, as soon as the war be over. Men may never be born equal. Alone the Army and the public schools go on re-erecting the collapsible ladders of inequality.

Having constructed a society far away in a town somewhere where the unambition of the ranks yields place to flagrant self-advancement, the herd snobbery of Englishmen together can be safely left to achieve its way. Boys are fearsome snobs; men

together are more abject still. Voices begin to be lowered, that wonderfully quiet way of talking sets in, to compensate for the puppet-like pace at which they are compelled to march through the streets—'A smart lot, the new cadets!'—the gentlemen in the making assume in their private doings the most languid action. They are never in a hurry. Or they are never *seen* in a hurry. Their enunciation begins to slur and blur. It is already a lot of trouble talking. The newspaper is read at breakfast, twelve men at a table, and conversation is in the worst of taste. And when the breakfast is done and each man has taken away with him the pot of marmalade, without which, of course, no English gent has breakfasted, whether in the Sudan or in the suburbs, then, however short the time to parade, there is always leisure to stuff the white-spotted briar with some emasculated brand of mixture. This is the high moment of the morning. Then, indeed, when the factory of his self-esteem is comfortably smoking, can this former clerk face the day, before which he has evinced a shuddering horror in public, although true to type, he has thrown the window wide open before sleeping, and let in upon his sprouting upper lip the poisonous airs of the English night.

This moustache—what a symbol and a hope! Never have I seen so many of so many colours and textures and shapes. There were great blooming yellow haystacks and drooping fuchsias, sad ones and gay ones, fierce little bristling black ones on very small and fiery cadets, and the common coarse hairbrush that still lent its owner a stability he would never have had when shaved. You almost had to have money to get there. But to get on it would seem that you had to have a moustache as well. It was your stake in the country. You had deserted the hills for the sober cropping cornlands.

With moustaches went a whole array of outward signs on which Octu beamed their approval as formative of a type. From cupboards and suitcases out came check tweed coats and golfing brogues. Some went to hockey or tennis. Some ran. Some cycled or rambled, holding in their hands compasses and maps. At week-ends, and on the midweek half-holiday, a hive of keenness was unloosed over the country. It seemed as if they scarce had need to come to Octu, these disciples of the insane mind in a sane body. They knew all the upper-class tricks already. The officers beamed upon it. They were as keen as mustard. And there was no nonsense about them.

See the scene that ensues in the clubhouse when eighteen holes have been played in silence, no joy, regret nor anger shown, the caddy rewarded (insufficiently) in silence, and the clubs sent away to the cars—see these men whom the Army is making into an upper class unbending themselves with a human warmth at the smoking-room bar!

Not a word is said. Drinks got, chairs are taken. Magazines are read. The entry, demeanour and turnout of each new cadet are silently criticized. For they are on their guard. They may have slipped up after all. *This*, not *that*, may be the real way of doing it. One among them is already known for his imperturbable bearing and lofty air as 'The General'. He looked exactly like one, and I used to think he was. He was a rag-and-bone merchant in north-east London. And another. . . . And another. . . . But there is one thing that they will never be able to live down, or not for many years, and they are wise not always to bring them with them to Octu, and that is their *wives*. For their womenfolk are fairly full of fun still. They enjoy a good vulgar laugh, and there is no equivalent either among women for the Englishmen's blah-blah talking. The cadet who wishes to become a gent within three months had better leave his wife for the time being where she came from.

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Now I have dwelt upon the superficial manifestations of these officers in the making because they are clues to their rapidly changing make-up. A man who was an intelligent comrade at supper will really come down to breakfast next morning with his one pip upon his shoulder, Sam Browne belt, and an entirely new outlook and attitude to match the brand-new valise delivered in the darkness of last night's interregnum. What inward soul and mind has his three months' training given him? What will be his status and his use in the peace that may follow?

Every month from the so many hundred Octus throughout the land so many thousands of officers are being sent out ready manufactured. They are making as many officers in a month as the public schools turn out schoolboys by the year. Their effect may be very great. Their influence may exert much good or evil.

It may be argued that the Army has no time to teach anything but war. 'Personality and drive' are the things needed by a good subaltern. *But more than these are needed.* Britain has no war aims;

Britain fights for survival. Here could have been a great and a grand opportunity for building a class of men, designed to bear responsibility, in the spirit and shape of the things that are coming. There is no hint of such a thing in the Octu system. There is no glimmer among the staff that things must change and things are changing. On the contrary, thousands of young men are being moulded without their knowledge to believe that things *will never change at all:* that there will be a place for them after the war somehow in the old stockbroker-insurance-friend of a friend existence, and they are going to see to it that this world survives. There is no conception of a society based on the welfare of the many. Their cadetship has been won by great expense of energy, if not actually of money. They are going to get something out of it; they are going to get a good job.

Is not this a sad or a terrible thing? To fashion men for a transient purpose who will be useless or dangerous when the goal is reached. And what if there should be no goal in the accepted sense, no victors, no treaty, but if instead out of the war should come gradually, as perhaps it is coming, a better state and a better society which shall be the peace charter of all nations? What if revolution were to win the war for us? Where would the officer-created class be then? Once again they would be chicken farmers.

Turn to the young man who has been passed out 'A' or 'B' or 'C' or 'D', according to his knowledge, personality and power of command. What does he care for the democracy we are fighting for? Does he talk of it? Does he think of it? He may be a good type, conscientious and dutiful, but the answer is 'No'. A vast deadweight class is being created who will stand out like the old broad gauge railway once stood out long after every other railway had accepted a narrowing uniformity: representative of good in its day, correct even for times that were never to come, but now no more than a curiosity. His manner and his speech, his egotism and his shyness will betray him. While the classes all around him are liquefying and uniting, he is cut off from them by his outlook and by conditions he is powerless to change. There once was a time perhaps when the officers *were* of a different class, and came from different homes with different interests and pursuits, and as a result were free to care for their men as beings less fortunate. That is done with now. *In the 'People's Army' of to-day officership is no longer a responsibility: it is a privilege*, and those who

win it are the privileged classes. That is why, despite the removal of petty barriers, there is for the first time class antagonism between leaders and led within an army which has for the first time a cause common to all. It is a weakness that should not go unregarded.

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It is enough to record that I did not of my own request survive the Octu. I had no wish to be taught over again, what I trusted I had forgotten, how to be a gentleman.

FRANK BUDGEN

JOYCE'S CHAPTERS OF GOING FORTH BY DAY

It is important to keep clear of labels. Joyce's æsthetic creed was made by himself for himself, and it will be hard to see him as a follower or hail him as a leader of any school. If any device lay handy in the free-for-all communal workshop he was quite willing to make use of it with thanks to the inventor (as in the case of the *parole intérieure*) but always as the *larron impénitent.* If you saw Joyce in the company of any doctrinaire you might be sure the association would end at the next cross roads. It is truer of Joyce than of most writers to say that his books grew out of his own life, and it follows that their origins lie in the vital circumstances out of which they arose. Looking for these is like looking for the source of a river and finding a tangle of a dozen springs and rills which have to serve our practical purpose, for if we looked any farther we should come to the sky and sea, source of all rivers.

Leopold Bloom in *Ulysses* has several dozy moments in the course of his day's wandering, and Joyce presents these with uncanny skill. A dream of the night before haunts him throughout the day till he drops off to sleep, leaving his bigger and better half to her famous monologue which 'turns slowly, evenly, though

with variations, capriciously but surely like the huge earthball round and round spinning'. After that day whose presentation had taken him the greater part of a decade Joyce must have found himself staring questioningly at the mysterious night.

For about half the time that it took to compose *Ulysses* Joyce lived in Zurich, at that time the second capital of psychoanalysis. Joyce preferred butter as a subject of conversation, and talk about dreams and the subconscious was likely to drive him to a bored silence or to a *Ma che!* of impatience. But there it was. You might call the subject a nightmare or a mare's nest, love it or detest it; it was like the foehn wind: you couldn't escape it.

Einstein's theory of the universe was becoming common property, and to another group of explorers the atom was yielding up its secrets. The airplane was flying over national frontiers with messages of all kinds. Wireless waves were carrying nimble thought at its own proper speed over land and sea, whilst contrary agencies were intensifying national consciousness and bringing into being national self-sufficiencies. The forward and outward drive was matched by a passionate nostalgia which led us backward and inward to legends and to all other evidences of our beginnings.

During my stay in Switzerland I kept for my own amusement a record of my dreams. I showed this to Joyce, together with a poem I called *At the Gates of Sleep*, and, at the same time, discussed with him my difficulties in recording dreams. I had cultivated the memory necessary for the dream happenings, but in setting them down on paper the whole atmosphere—the essential experience—was lost. I found this atmosphere to be incommunicable with any means I knew. If these conversations were remembered (and Joyce was not a man who forgot a great deal) it is possible that they arose later as a provocation to the master craftsman in Joyce.

Joyce was a cosmopolitan wanderer, sensitive to the intellectual climate of the places and times he lived in. He refused the servitude implicit in the acceptance of any one influence, but in the acceptance of many he could remain free. There's safety in numbers. I indicate but a few of these. Every reader of *Finnegans Wake* will perceive as many more. Joyce himself can hardly have known them all, whence they came or how he assigned them their place and function. But when the lightning flash of inspiration

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showed him the night mind of man as his province there lay all the material of life, of his own and past ages, awaiting only to be baptized in the Liffey to be made suitable for his creative purpose.

Finnegans Wake is a resurrection myth. A river is a symbol of life and of that perpetual resurrection which is life. She is just as old as she is young, and just as young as she is old. Whilst she is being born of her mother, the sky, in the Wicklow hills, she is being received in the arms of her father ocean in Dublin Bay. She renews herself constantly by a 'commodious vicus of recirculation'. The human race does the same whether regarded as a whole or in its parts as tribes, cities or nations. The resurrection motive is announced on the first page of *Finnegans Wake* and is repeated with variations throughout the book.

'The oaks of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where askes lay. Phall if you but will, rise you must: and none so soon either shall the pharce for the nunce come to a setdown secular phoenish.'

'The house of Atreox is, fallen indeedust (Illyam, Illyum! Maeromor Mournomates!) averging on blight like the mundibanks of Fennyana, but deeds bounds going arise again. Life, he himself said once, (his biografiend, in fact, kills him verysoon, if yet not, after) is a wake, livit or krikit, and on the bunk of our breadwinning lies the cropse of our seedfather, a phrase which the establisher of the world by law might pretinately write across the chestfront of all manorwombanborn'.

'And then. Be old. The next thing is. We are once amore as babes awondering in a wold made fresh where with the hen in the storyaboot we start from scratch.'

'Yet is no body present here which was not there before. Only is order othered. Nought is nulled. *Fuitfiat!*'

'. . . receives through a portal vein the dialytically separated elements of precedent decomposition for the verypet-purpose of subsequent recombination. . . .'

'Bygmester Finnegan, of the Stottering Hand,' was a builder who liked a drop of drink, and while he was working on a wall 'of a trying thirstay mournin' he didn't feel quite himself. 'His howd feeled heavy, His hoddit did shake.' He slipped and fell from his ladder and they found him dead on the ground. They took him home, wrapped him in a nice clean sheet, put him on the bed and called all the neighbours and a whole lot of his fellow

tradesmen in to the wake. 'And they all gianed in with the shoutmost shoviality. Agog and Magog and the round of them agrog.' The drinks were going round, there was dancing on the floor and altogether 'grand funferall', but a row started, a bottle was thrown and some of the spirits fell on the sleeping giant who, at the smell taste and touch of the lifewater he loved becomes Finnegan again, sits up, casts off his grave clothes and joins in the fun.

'Whack. Huroo. Take your partners.
On the floor your ankles shake.
Isn't it the truth I've told you,
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake?'

'There are plenty of other versions of the resurrection story,' said Joyce, 'but this was the most suitable to my purpose'. The music hall ditty serves as leit motiv and signature tune introducing the giant city-founder Finn MacCool. The cosmic viewpoint and the comic muse are old associates, but the presence of lyric inspiration in the alliance is rarer, perhaps unique, yet here they are in organic union in *Finnegans Wake*. I believe it was Joyce's aim to include every genre of poetic composition in his book. I well remember him telling me with pleasure that his friend, James Stephens, had found all poetic elements blended in what at that time was called *Work in Progress*. Comic the book certainly is, and certainly serious though never solemn. 'Loud heap miseries upon us but entwine our arts with laughters low'. If you laughed at the comic in *Finnegans Wake* Joyce was pleased, but if you missed the hidden serious he was apt to be reproachful as he was, mildly, when I failed to see more than the fun of the thing in the dialogue in pidgin English and Nippon English between the archdruid and St. Patrick in Part IV.

'Much more is intended in the colloquy between Berkely the archdruid and his pidgin speech and Patrick in answer and his Nippon English. It is also the defence and indictment of the book itself, B's theory of colour and Patrick's practical solution of the problem. Hence the phrase in the preceding Mutt and Jeff banter "Dies is Dorminus master,"=Deus et Dominus noster plus the day is lord over sleep, i.e., when it days.'

But nobody is likely to deny the seriousness of *Finnegans Wake* (for what claims to be universal cannot be less) and it shall be

left to others to define the poetic territory it covers. But what of life? I felt as I was reading through *Finnegans Wake* in its final form for the first time that for all its universality an essential element of life had been left out of it—the element of pain and death, nor does this element appear until the final pages. But the reason soon appears. 'From lighting up o'clock sharp' till sunrise Finn and his family live as timeless phantoms in a world where life and death, youth and age, birth and corruption, and all extremes meet, that middle kingdom, that limbo of sleep and dreams where Death's brother entertains his subjects with the pageant of history without tears—all ambiguities, anachronisms and incongruities—presented by his pageant masters, 'Messrs. Thud and Blunder'. The story of the pageant is the founding and perpetual re-creation of the city of Dublin—the city of Finn MacCool.

The worst of writing about *Finnegans Wake* is that all our words are wrong. Story is wrong, of course, for a story is one thing happening after another along a one way time street, coming from and going to some place, whereas *Finnegans Wake* is going nowhere in all directions on an every way roundabout with infiltrations from above and below. On every page Joyce insists on this all-time dream-time by every device of suggestion and allusion and by a continual modification and cancellation of all time words. For example: 'It stays in book of that which is. I have heard anyone tell it jesterday (master currier with brassard was't) how one should come on morrow here but it is never here that one today. Well, but to remind to think, you where yestoday Ys Morganas war and that it is always tomorrow in toth's tother's place. Amen.'

And sometimes a confidential voice seems to talk 'straight turkey' to us with all the air of imparting historical information, but so numerous are the asides, and so tightly packed the ghostly narrative with parentheses that when the confidential narrator comes to a full stop we find ourselves in possession of a multitude of hints and suggestions but of no story at all. Instead of a story of happenings a contour or an accent is added to the picture of one or other of his personages or the place in which they live is lit with a new light. If we go back to where we started and try to unravel the phantom tissue clause by clause the whole fabric falls to pieces. The effort is like trying to put salt on birds' tails or juggle

with live eels. Here and there a 'Fuit' or 'Fiat' or 'Fiatfuit' warns us that we are in a world of essences where there is constant change but no growth and no development, no time sequence and consequently no story. Nevertheless, far from that calm storm centre where the people of *Finnegans Wake* lie asleep, the world is spinning towards another sunrise.

We find ourselves obliged to leave that one way route which compels us to think of a giant Finn who lived once upon a time, founded a city and then died and was succeeded by a lot of different people until the story begins when he is represented by the burly publican of an inn on the road to Mullingar. As an aid to adapting my own mind to the pattern or plot of *Finnegans Wake* I have found it useful to look on the book rather as a picture. A painter friend of mine owns one painted by a Flemish artist representing the war in heaven, the creation, temptation, fall, expulsion and first murder lying side by side in one composition. The one or other of the many actions may be looked at apart or taken in forward or backward sequence or all may be seen together as one simultaneous whole. But Joyce with his own material can do what no painter can do within the limits of colour and a flat surface. The Futurists tried it and failed. He can build up his picture out of many superimposed planes of time so that any one of his persons can give any number of impersonations. It is as if we looked at a picture of, say, Gog and Magog, master builders, and without changing their identity or position they became Dr. Magog laying down the law to his friend Mr. Gog, or young Gog and his clever Mog, or Prime Minister Magog receiving his union ticket from Bricklayers' President Gog and being told to get hold of some tools and finish the job.

Bound up with the dream time of Joyce's book is the dream language. I have already quoted a saying of Joyce's (evidently a practised hand-off for a straight tackler), 'Yes, there are enough words in the Oxford Dictionary, but they are not the right ones.' Why are they not the right ones? Because they are words forged for the purpose of communicating thoughts and synchronizing activities in our waking and working hours and inapt (as I found them) to communicate the experiences of a dream or the myth of our race presented as a dream.

This brings us very near to the question of comprehensibility which has quite a number of angles. Some writers are obscure

because their thought is too deep or too high or too tenuous, others because they write of things in themselves comprehensible but which we knew nothing about, as, for example, in my own case, golf, bridge, music or quantum theory, and still others because they have a religious experience peculiar to themselves which they may express but can never communicate. One writer may be too universal, another too local, and very few writers who are any good at all are wholly clear to all of us—or wholly incomprehensible, provided we consider the effort necessary to understand their material worth while. It is not the fundamental idea of *Finnegans Wake* that makes it difficult to understand and not the nature of the persons represented, for the idea of resurrection and recurrence is a popular idea and the figures of myth are popular figures. It is not even the verbal devices employed, which are, in the main, popular inventions. The material is difficult because of the breadth of Joyce's erudition and the narrowness of his locality. He puns in half a dozen languages and all his local allusions are to the highways, byways, waterways, back streets and backchat of Dublin. I am quite sure that *Finnegans Wake* is no stylistic experiment for its own sake. The innovations in form and material grew out of the matter and are a natural organic part of it. Where there is no snobbery of originality philistine resentment should be disarmed in advance. In connection with the verbal material of *Finnegans Wake* only one question seems to be worth considering: is that third element of the beautiful in Joyce's æsthetic doctrine, that 'claritas', which Stephen Dedalus translates as 'radiance' or 'whatness', and which a painter might, perhaps, call 'the essential character' of his subject apprehended in life and embodied in his material? The best available way of answering this question is to quote a couple of passages from the book and let the reader try to substitute Oxford Dictionary words for those used by Joyce without loss of essential character.

The first passage describes the ghostly unsubstantial meal at Finnegan's Wake: 'Whase on the joint of a desh? Finfoefum the Fush. Whase be his baken head? A loaf of Singpantry's Kennedy bread. And whase hitched to the hop in his tayle? A glass of Danu O'Dunnel's foamus olde Dobbelin ayle. But, lo, as you would quaffoff his fraudstuff and sink teeth through that pythe of a flowerwhite bodey behold of him as behemoth for he is noe-whemoe. Finiche! Only a fadograph of a yestern scene.'

And here the wish of her womanhood observed passing through the soul of a sleeping girl: 'Add lightest knot unto tiptition. O Charis! O Charissima! A more intriguant bambolina could one not colour up out of Boccucia's Enameron. Would one but to do apart a lilybit her virginelles and, so, to breath, so, therebetween, behold, she had instantt with her handmade as to graps the myth inmid the air. Mother of moth! I will to show herword in flesh. Approach not for ghost sake! it is dormition!'

However, let the reader grapple with Joyce's dream time and dream words as best he may, always remembering that, although it may be a good principle to act so that our conduct may serve as a rule of life to others, a writer need not write with the same circumspection—the reason being, no doubt, that English literature is a much tougher plant than social behaviour. And let us be thankful that there is no puzzle at all about the dream place. It is the valley of the Liffey from Lucan to the sea and beyond to Howth Head, but the centre of it, the focus of the picture, is the little village of Chapelizod which lies athwart the river on the southwest corner of Phœnix Park. More particularly the place is a little inn facing the bridge where the publican, his family and servants lie asleep.

As the name implies—Chapelle d'Iseult—it is the place to which Tristan came to fetch his master's bride. Alfred Harmsworth was born there, Arthur Guinness built his house on a neighbouring hill. In another direction an imposing monument in stone perpetuates the memory of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. Phœnix Park, at once the scene and the symbol of Finn's constant resurrection, links Chapelizod with Dublin, 'a phantom city phaked of philim pholk,' and the giant himself lies partly in Phœnix Park where his feet are buried under the Magazine Mound though his head is as far away as Howth. Here he 'calmly extensolies' whilst the 'shortlegged bergins . . . are all there scraping along to squeeze out a likelihood that will salve and solve life's robulous rebus, hopping round his middle like kippers on a griddle, O, as he lays dormont from the macroborg of Holdhard to the microborg of Pied de Poudre.' Chapelizod is the scene of Sheridan Lefanu's delightful novel, *The House by the Churchyard*. His Dangerfield, Devereux, Lilian, Sturk and Ezekiel Irons flit like shades across the pages of Joyce's book. Joyce's father worked in the massive distillery, now redundant, derelict

and to let, formerly the barracks of Lefanu's loyal artillerymen. Commenting on a precis of Lefanu's book I made for him in 1937, Joyce wrote, referring to that spot in Phœnix Park where the fierce Dangerfield struck down Sturk: 'The encounter between my father and a tramp (the basis of my book) actually took place at that part of the park.' And Lefanu's elm, 'the loftleaved elm Lefanunian', together with a mossy stone, tell the story of Anna Livia.

Ulysses is almost barren of descriptive passages. The Dublin of Bloomsday has to be constructed out of the words of Bloom and his fellow wanderers. But in *Finnegans Wake* are many memorable passages of landscape evocation, And that is an understatement, for it seems to me that the evening and night landscape in English literature has never been more magically realized than in *Finnegans Wake*. The potency of this realization is due largely, I think, to the fact that Joyce builds up his scene out of the memory of all senses, even that of touch. The passage at the end of the old wives' gossip about the life of *Anna Livia Plurabelle* is too well known to quote, but here is a fragment of one of equal beauty from the Chapter called *The Mime of Nick Mick and the Maggies*. It describes the coming on of night and the animals in the Zoo going to rest:

'The trail of Gill not yet is to be seen, rocksdrops, up benn, down dell, a craggy road for rambling. Nor yet through starland that silver sash. What era's o'ering? Lang gong late. Say long, scielo! Sillume, see lo! Selene, sail O! Amune! Ark!? Noh?! Nought stirs in spinney. The swayful pathways of the dragonfly spider stay still in reedery. Quiet takes back her folded fields. Tranquille thanks. Adew. In deerhaven, imbraced, alleged, injoynted and unlatched, the birds, tommelise too, quail silent. Was avond ere awhile. Now conticinium. As Lord the Laohun is sheutseuyes. The time of lying together will come and the wildering of the nicht till cockeedoodle aubens Aurore. Panther monster. Send leabarrow loads amorrow. While loevdom shleeps. Elenfant has siang his triump, *Great is Eliphas Magistrodontos* and after kneeprayer pious for behemuth and mahamoth will rest him from tusker toils. Salamsalaim. Rhinohorn isnoutso pigfellow but him ist gönz wurst. Kikikuki. Hopopodorme. Sobeast! No chare of beagles, frantling of peacock, no muzzing of the camel, smuttering of apes. Lights, pageboy, lights! Brights we'll be

brights. With help of Hanoukan's lamp. When otter leaps in outer parts then Yul remembers Mei. Her hung maid mohns are bluming, look, to greet those loes on coast of amethyst; arcglow's seafire siemens lure and wextward warnerforth's hooker-crookers.'

And apart from the extended passages such as these there are on every page evocative words that call up an instant vision of a hillside bestrewn with boulders, a tree at a riverside, a white column, red earth, a rippling brown river.

But the landscape is not only background and ambient for the persons. It *is* the persons. Finn is Howth and he is the landlord of an inn on the road to Mullingar. Shem and Shaun are the *rive gauche* and the *rive droite* of mother Liffey, and they are the rival brothers whose struggles are the history of the family and city of Finn. And so on. And here, perhaps it may be said that Joyce looked upon Dublin, which, with its environs, formed the ancient kingdom of Dyffinarsky, as predominantly a Scandinavian city. Objective historical grounds apart, he was no doubt the more confirmed in this viewpoint through his hostility to that petit bourgeois parochialism of Irish nationalism which loves to cloak itself in Celtic myth. The Nordic element in Ireland in any case is a bridge to Europe, and Joyce was a European as well as a Dubliner.

The population of *Finnegans Wake* is small compared with that of *Ulysses*. There are seven persons in it—one family including servants, and to these may be added three group personalities. The city is built out of these essences as the multitudinous shapes and substances of the world are built out of a small number of atoms.

First comes Finn himself who died of a fall and was reborn at his wake. In remote totem shape he is the swift salmon of the river, the tough goat of the hill. His human origins are numerous. As Ur-father Adam he 'lived in the broadest way immarginable . . . before joshuan judges had given us numbers or Helveticus committed deuteronomy'. And there is a hint of a later oriental origin when he comes sailing 'in the bark of life . . . the gran Phenician rover', but the two main sources that give him his local shape and character are Scandinavian and Celtic, the two branches of the family of fair strangers. As Scandinavian he is Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker; as Celt he is Persse O'Reilly;

and O'Reilly and Earwicker become one when Persse O'Reilly becomes Pierce Oreille. This hero of many origins is called for short H.C.E., his own initials or those of Here Comes Everybody, a nickname applied to a more than usually pompous member of one of the Victorian administrations, Harold Childers Erskine. The unity of personality in Joyce's Adamite-Nordic-Celtic hero is not less complete because of a chronic and incurable dualism which manifests itself in a stammer of 'HeCitEncy'—his 'tribalbalbutience'. Earwicker wants Sunday closing and Sunday clothing, but the O'Reilly wants seven days licence and shirt-sleeves all the week. He built a beautiful city and let it decay into a slum. He is a 'big cleanliving giant', happily married and enjoying the highest social position, but he was caught in a most compromising situation with a couple of nursemaids in the park. He supports religious reform and family sanctity but sells contraceptives to the populace. And so the duality of his mixed origin keeps him precariously balanced throughout the whole of a master-builder's, Lord Mayor's and publican's existence.

The invention of names for his characters is one of Joyce's favourite methods of delineation. I haven't counted the names given to Earwicker but should not be surprised if they ran into hundreds. This character defining by the giving of names is a device often used in 'eddas and oddes bokes of tomb.'

This crookbacked hill, silvery fish, many named human patriarch, burly publican is never dressed twice alike. As gardener Adam he hastens to meet his overlord dressed in 'topee, surcingle, solascarf and plaid, plus fours, puttees and bulldog boots, ruddled cinnabar with flagrant marl', whilst as Kersse (Persse is as often spelt Kersse on account of the Irish tendency to supplant the sound P with the sound K) he sails into Dublin Bay 'umwalloped in an unusuable suite of clouds'. Nevertheless, he is always 'as modern as tomorrow afternoon and in appearance up to the minute'.

It is as Kersse that he woos, wins and weds Anna Livia. And she? Was she a dewdrop in a Wicklow vale? And did he find her while he was looking for wild flowers? Was she the tailor's daughter? and did he first see her lurking about her father's shop when he came in asking 'in his translatentic norjankeltian: Hwere can a ketch or hook alive a soot an sowterkins?' This is not so clear and so it is probably both. Her smallness at all ages is always

insisted on. 'She was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then, sauntering by silvamoonlake and he was a heavy trudging lurching lieabroad of a Curraghman. . . .' As tailor's daughter she was so small that, when he rang up about his suit, she had to stand on a pile of samples to answer the phone, and Kersse-Humphrey, anxious about her lack of bulk, followed her around the dinner table trying to persuade her to eat a forkful of fat.

As an immortal river she is the daughter of Father Ocean and Mother Sky and she was born at some mysterious spot in the Wicklow hills. Her partner, the male principle, came from a far place, but she was always there. He has no youth and no age except the age of the father and the hero, and no death, but inasmuch as Anna Livia represents the life of the body she shares the fate and goes the way of flesh. Three children—twin boys and one girl—are not a big family. However, in a wider sense she is mother of all Dublin. From three to a third of a million is simple if unusual arithmetic. She writes the number of her children down one, one, one, as she might write the customers' credit drinks on the bar slate, and that makes a hundred and eleven. She adds them together and puts the three in place of the third one. Then she adds H.C.E. and herself to make the constantly recurring 1132. So is the city made.

All the houses and public monuments of Dublin, all its civic glories, its laws, its liberties, learning and amenities are the work of Bygmester Finn. He himself declares it in a broadcast he is called upon to give by the four masters. He grandly proclaims all the civilizing work he has done for the City of the Ford of Hurdles until his frustrating other self, in what appears to be a charity organization broadcast, steals his air and describes in detail the rotting misery of Poolblack's highly respectable slums. There are few correspondences between *Finnegans Wake* and *Ulysses*, but we seem to hear in the brave stammer of Finn more than a hint of the indomitable Simon Dedalus. Anna Livia has no parallel in *Ulysses*. She represents, as does the woman always in Joyce's work, the mortal body of the race, but there is none of the heavy fleshiness of Molly Bloom in her make-up. She is the active cheerful, never-done-working wife and mother, bearing children, running the home, scrubbing the twins after their constant combats, comforting them when they wake

squalling in the night, giving gifts to all her 'daughtersons', spreading the gossip, gratefully drinking the black ale brewed for her by Finn, sitting on Sunday in the church he built for her, but worshipping mainly at home, for 'washup' is one of her forms of worship.

The twins, Shem and Shaun, are opposites, poles asunder and inseparable, hostile and complementary, held together and apart by the river of life that bore them. The inevitable self-portrait is Shem the Penman, called also Glugg and Jerry, the Gripes and the Gracehoper, whilst his brother, Shaun the Post, called also Chuff and Kevin, the Mookse and the Ondt is all or any of Joyce's contemporaries. Shaun has to deliver a letter written by Shem, but the letter is never written and therefore never delivered (just as 'that royal one has not yet drunk a gouttelette from his consummation . . . and all that has been done has yet to be done and done again. . . .'). With his twin rivals Joyce is giving poetic form to the constant human experience that the world maintains its balance through a conflict of opposites. Familes are founded on it, societies grow out of it, parliaments flourish on it, and the human individual finds his refreshing opposite and complement in club and pub. If no sinner or saint or rebel or tyrant faced us we should have to split ourselves to find one. *Finnegans Wake* provides for this lonely contingency with the constantly recurring dual personality Browne and Nolan, at once the well-known firm of Dublin booksellers and Giordano Bruno of Nola, whose dualistic philosophy turns the bookselling unity, Browne and Nolan, into the hostile duality, Browne versus Nolan. Michael and Lucifer were the original heavenly pattern for this brotherly strife, and Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau, Willingdone and Boomapart, and millions of other pairs have given and will forever give the earthly repetition.

Joyce's self-caricature as Shem is a *tour de force* in the comic grotesque, a genre in which Joyce excels. The likeness is unmistakable for all the posturing and grimacing in the distorting mirror. Joyce was no satirist, but he was a master of mimicry and caricature. He was rather a Rowlandson than a Daumier. He loved the spectacle of life too well to condemn any part of it. The comment implicit in caricature was enough. A step further might involve him in moral judgments forbidden by his individualistic rule of life and by his æsthetic creed.

Shem is a sham, and a low sham. He lives on tinned food and likes it, and instead of getting drunk on good honest booze 'he sobbed himself wheywhiningly sick of life on some sort of rhubarbarous maundarin yellagreen funkleblue windigut diodying applejack squeezed from sour grapefruice'. He believes in nothing and agrees with everybody, boasts about his people and their social position, stinks the place out, 'lives on loans and is furtivefree yours of age'. As a patriot he is a washout, for he 'became a farsoonerite, saying he would far sooner muddle through the hash of lentils in Europe than meddle with Irrland's split pea', and as a writer he bores everybody stiff with talking about his 'usylessly unreadable bluebook of eccles'. He ducks all duties and dodges all obligations, and whilst all the world was at war for great causes he 'kuskycorked himself up tight in his ink-battle house badly the worse for boosegas, there to stay in afar for the life. . . .' Browne in the person of Justius rises up against this Nayman of Noland and there is little left of him after his dressing down till he is saved and restored by remembering his mother river and the contemplation of her inexhaustible treasure of life flowing past.

There is no trace of father and son conflict in *Finnegans Wake*, and therefore no reconciliation. The big man is master of his house and city. By way of rebirth he manifests himself through all the generations of his sons when they become of man's estate. All strife is of brother with brother, but even these fraternal wars are bloodless combats. Their hostility is a static hostility, for they are living on the plain of Shinar in that tower built into the sky in a unity that will last till day overcomes and scatters them. Joyce accepted the tower of Babel as a symbol of sleep. 'Behold the people is one, and they have all one language.' And he thought it strange that he should have been working several years on his book before the correspondence occurred to him.

Shem and Shaun never appear except in opposition, but whereas Shem is a clear-cut personality—an unmistakable caricature-portrait of the author—Shaun is by comparison a shadowy figure. The reason for this, perhaps, is that many models sat for Shaun, and only one for Shem. Most painters will agree that the use of many models for one figure is apt to lead to the abstract and away from the organic. One feels that a type or a race is being examined by the four masters rather than an

individual person. What is clear about the shadowy Shaun is that he is a true believer, a gourmand, a sensualist, a persuasive talker (as witness his sermon to the twenty-nine daughters of February), an arriviste with his face turned towards the west where the money is, a favoured of the gods and a great success with the girls.

There are twenty-nine girls representing each a day of February fill-dyke, but only the twenty-ninth is the twins' sister and one of Anna Livia's hundred and eleven. Who begat and who bore the other twenty-eight need not concern us in this 'semitary of Somnionia'. Iseult's birthday comes once in four years so that she will be still a desirable beauty of twenty-five when her sisters are scored with a century of crowsfeet. She is the colourful cloud overhanging mother river, overhearing brother rivals mud-slinging wordily about words and things, such as space and time. She reminds them that, for her, space is contracting and time flying, and she uses all the arts allowed a leapyear daughter to win them from their useless conflict for her useful purpose, but when she falls it is for mountain father Finn whose eyes are ever fixed on his river's fresh youth in which he is overseen. 'Yes, you're changing, sonhusband, and you're turning, I can feel you, for a daughterwife from the hills again.'

All members of the Finn family have a side on which they merge with their opposite, as Earwicker takes on the character of a river and Anna Livia (A.L.P.) reflects the image of a mountain, Shem becomes Shaunesque and Shaun Shemesque, and daughter-mother Iseult hovers between sky and riverend. Even potman Joe borrows some of Earwicker's publican authority and maid-servant Kate rivalizes with her mistress whilst ironing the guvnor's lumbago on the kitchen table. She reminds him of the days when she was principal boy in the pantomime and for his benefit (as he can't move) she repeats the performance: '. . . when I started so hobmop ladlelike, highty tighty, to kick the time off the cluckclock lucklock quamquam camcam potapot panapan kickakickkack. Hairhorehounds, shake up pfortner. Fuddling fun for Fullacan's sake.'

Because of their ancient earthiness I associate this pair with the gossiping elm and stone washerwomen who tell the story of Anna Livia, with the Mutt and Jute stick and stone on the field of Clontarf who discuss that 'law of isthmon' by which cities arise

and are doomed to their 'Finishthere Punct', and who as Muta and Juva observe the dawn lighting up the stained glass windows of the village church and talk of the Eurasian outsider come to convert the high king of all Ireland to the true faith.

A group personality of twelve functions as customers at the big man's bar, as a jury charged with the examination of Earwicker's conduct, as loungers staring at a river, and their rightminded comment is delivered always with long words ending in ation. But more difficult to understand and more important in their relation to the principal persons in the book are the four masters, analysts, waves, winds, provinces, evangelists or institutions and their accompanying grey ass. They are the guardians of tradition, keepers of records, male sibyls, seekers after higher truths, lecherous admirers of male and female flesh. Their records, however, are lost, their memories confused and their virility diluted to neutrality with femininity, yet they achieve an immortality of decrepitude as if the life in them were constantly renewed with injections of some secret all-glandular preparation. A Doctor Walker and a pretty nurse attend to their infirmities. They flounder blindly and deafly around in the dream space of the inn, 'in all fathom of space' mumbling of the 'good old days not worth remembering', sucking at bottles and urging each other to 'pass the push for craw's sake', with senile amorousness fondling the hands of their nurse, trying to count up the mother-of-pearl buttons on her glove. It appears that nobody wants them in the house, but their power of infiltration is equal to that of dry-rot, draughts, smells, dust or circulars. Boneless, bloodless, toothless, covered with bedsores, 'dolled up in their blankets', they manage somehow to be present at all family celebrations, even peeping through the salt-encrusted portholes at Tristan and Iseult on their honeymoon in a 'lovely steamadory built by Fumadory'. They are most in evidence when night is darkest and sleep deepest, and therefore they may be taken to represent the point of identity of the contraries, corruption and birth, but whatever its philosophic significance this fearsome foursome of disintegration is certainly one of the most astonishing of all Joyce's grotesque inventions.

I have never been able to see much racial difference between the Irish and the rest of us. If the bottle is well shaken it looks like the mixture as before. But there is a difference between the Irish

and English imagination. The Irish imagination is continuous and expresses itself in a constant play of wit and fancy on the immediate material of life. It embroiders on the facts until the original fabric is hardly visible. In its popular aspect it is a thing of exaggerations, legpulls, backbites, sly digs, winks, thumb jerks and talking through a lattice of fingers, all enjoyed by a lot of cheerful people in their shirtsleeves sitting in a draughty kitchen. All Persse O'Reilly, in fact, and at its creative best a Book of Kells or a Tristram Shandy. The English imagination is discontinuous. It functions only on high days, holy days and Sundays, and because it is something apart it occasionally looks like a suburban parlour with a harmonium in it, but when it has functioned creatively it has imposed its offspring and its order on whole provinces of the mind. It is, in fact, all Earwicker. *Finnegans Wake*, like its hero, is a product of both. It is a fusion of Earwicker imagination and O'Reilly fancy, of plastic vision and graphic wit. The figures are of mythical proportions, but they are built up out of the commonest material, out of puns and slang, hurdy-gurdy tunes and music hall catchwords and all the instruments of popular humour.

Joyce worked with the material of the market place, and if he is not understood there it is certainly not on account of any preciosity in himself. His figures, for their forthrightness, belong there like Rodin's burgesses, for Joyce wrote out of the centre of his consciousness where his own experience was at one with that of his fellow men. All the more strange that he should be sometimes regarded as a dweller in an ivory tower. Ivory tower! You don't get an Earwicker, sailor, publican, city builder and city father, an Anna Livia, lover, mother, and house drudge or a Bloom, with his associated Dubliners, to say nothing of Molly Bloom, out of any ivory tower.

And as this borders on politics I must confess that I was once guilty of helping to create the impression that Joyce was non-political. He was certainly non-party, but no man can be non-political who spends the greater part of his life in celebrating his native city. His first book was a series of studies showing the virtues and vices of his fellow Dubliners. He went on to paint a portrait of himself against the moral and physical background of Dublin. He recorded a lengthy day in the life of his mother city as seen and felt for the greater part by a stranger within her

gates. His last work glorifies the spirit that founded and maintained the city of the Ford of Hurdles and affirms his belief in the persistence of that spirit through all changing circumstances. Joyce was certainly sceptical of all political parties and all political creeds, but he believed in the city and rejoiced in its life. He refused only to take part in the struggle as to who should govern it. The political novelist of the notebook or classbook order may at any moment descend on us (we are a beleaguered city and the danger is very real), and when he does we shall know how to appreciate the artist who saw and felt and gave shape to that which is durable in life.

Many philosophies flit moth-like with characteristic words across the pages of *Finnegans Wake* and ancient ritual books and compilations, particularly the Norse *Edda* and the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, are more constantly recurring themes, but the two Italians, Vico and Bruno, provide Joyce with the philosophic motive and to some extent with the pattern of his book. Vico's theory of cyclic evolution which allows for identity of personality in change and for recurrence in progression might well appeal to the poet who dressed up the archer king of Ithaca in a black suit and bowler hat and sent him out on a quest for advertisements, or whose H.C.E. rules the city whatever party is in power. And Bruno's theory of duality and identity of contraries must have needed little demonstration to the individualist who refused to serve and became his own taskmaster, to the exile who took his city into exile with him.

There is a passage in Part IV of *Finnegans Wake* (in the language of somebody rolling over for the last doze before waking up) which seems to me to be a statement of the philosophy of the book: 'The untireties of livesliving being the one substrance of a streamsbecoming. Totalled in toldteld and teldtold in tittletell tattle. Why? Because, graced be Gad and all giddy gadgets, in whose words were the beginnings, there are two signs to turn to, the yest and the ist, the wright side and the wronged side, feeling aslip and wauking up, so an, so farth. Why? On the sourdsite we have the Moskiosk Djinpalast with its twin adjacencies, the bathouse and the bazaar, allahallahallah, and on the sponthesite it is the alcovan and the rosegarden, boony noughty, all puraputhry. Why? One's apurr apuss a story about brid and breakfedes and parricombating and coushcouch but

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others is of tholes and oubworn buyings, dolings and chafferings in heat, contest and enmity. Why? Every talk has his stay, vidnis Shavarsanjivana, and all-a-dreams perhapsing under lucksloop at last are through. Why? It is a sot of a swigswag, systomy dystomy, which everabody you ever anywhere at all doze. Why? Such me.'

Thus if you say that life is being you are right; equally right if you say that life is becoming; doubly right if you say that life is both being and becoming. If you say that life is a two-sided affair of perpetual conflict you affirm what is evident to every true body; if you declare that life is one and indivisible you echo that which the mind in its salmon leap of inspiration has been able to perceive. And characteristically the dreamer's final answer to the insistent 'Why?' is the personal 'Such me', which I take to mean, 'You can search me, but that is how I feel about it'.

Many a man is the battle ground of his virtues as Nietzsche said, and it seems to me to follow that many an artist may be the battle ground of his talents. Joyce, I believe, kept peace within himself by choosing a motive upon which all his many selves might co-operate. Hence the rich and varied freights of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. But did he manage to stow all the precious cargo in one hold? Was nothing left on the quayside for a later voyage? What became of the master of the short story, and of the severe yet pitiful regard for the stunted souls and thwarted destinies of weak human beings in *Dubliners?* Are there any other short stories in English that are neither de Maupassant curtains nor Tchekoff fade-outs?

I have heard Joyce express disdain for 'telling a story' and years later (on re-reading Flaubert's *Contes*) say that that was just the thing he would most love to do. It is possible, however, to have done with a technical medium and to put it away altogether as a painter may give up portrait painting and take to wall painting, and so it is likely that, having found a way of making people and things speak for themselves, Joyce would never have returned to speaking about them. What is not possible is that an artist shall suppress any part of his humanity. The key of Ulysses is too bright, its movement too rapid for that pity and reconciliation which provide the magical end of the story, *The Dead*, to have any part in it, but that same human element expressed with yet greater artistry does return in the last pages of *Finnegans Wake*

when Anna Livia goes forth by day, as a woman (wife and mother, representative of all flesh) to join the countless generations of the dead, as a river to become one with the god, her father Ocean. She tells her human agony with the voice and gesture of the river. A leaf is floating with her, a prize from the woods of Lucan, and the city is asleep but the sun is rising in her mother's house. She is full of memories and she lisps them to the mind, her mate, whom she sees over the bay in his mountain form, whose gulls wheel over her. There is no answer from Finn. Her words are softly spoken, sometimes half articulate, so that we feel we have to bend to hear them as we bend to hear precious words on the lips of the dying. Memories fail her. Dreams of past grandeur fade. Her children she thought so fine disgust her. Her human fear of loss of personality overcomes her as her sweet waters are fouled by the brackish water of the estuary which is like a foretaste of death. She tides herself over her fears with illusions of grandeurs to come, how she will be received by her mighty sisters, wild Amazia and haughty Niluna. With a last thought of Finn and a wish to live again, as if a wish had in itself a force of fulfilment, she passes over the bar into her father's home.

'Carry me along, taddy, like you done through the toy fair. If I seen him bearing down on me now under whitespread wings like he'd come from Arkangels, I sink I'd lie down over his feet, humbly, dumbly, only to washup. Yes, tid. There's where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush to. Whish! Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here. Us then. Finn again! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till thousandsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the . . .'

The last work of Joyce ends, as did his first, in the contemplation of the mystery of death. In both cases the rebellious pity of the human heart finds in the beauty of a constant element of nature—in the one falling snow, in the other smooth gliding water—the symbol and the instrument of reconciliation with human destiny. We had hoped for further years and other labours. We cannot imagine a fitter swan song.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

IN THE SQUARE

AT about nine o'clock on this hot bright July evening the square looked mysterious: it was completely empty, and a whitish reflection, ghost of the glare of midday, came from the pale-coloured façades on its four sides and seemed to brim it up to the top. The grass was parched in the middle; its shaved surface was paid for by people who had gone. The sun, now too low to enter normally, was able to enter brilliantly at a point where three of the houses had been bombed away; two or three of the may trees, dark with summer, caught on their tops the illicit gold. Each side of the breach, exposed wallpapers were exaggerated into viridians, yellows and corals that they had probably never been. Elsewhere, the painted front doors under the balconies and at the tops of steps not whitened for some time stood out in the deadness of colour with light off it. Most of the glassless windows were shuttered or boarded up, but some framed hollow inside dark.

The extinct scene had the appearance of belonging to some ages ago. Time having only been thrust forward for reasons that could no longer affect the square, this still was a virtual eight o'clock. One taxi did now enter at the north side and cruise round the polish to a house in a corner: a man got out and paid his fare. He glanced round him, satisfied to find the shell of the place here. In spite of the dazzling breach, the square's accoustics had altered very little: in the confined sound of his taxi driving away there was nothing to tell him he had not arrived to dinner as on many summer evenings before. He went up familar steps and touched the chromium bell. Some windows of this house were not shuttered, though they were semi-blinded by oiled stuff behind which the curtains dimly hung: these windows fixed on the outdoors their tenacious look; some of the sashes were pushed right up, to draw this singular summer evening—parched, freshening and a little acrid with ruins—into the rooms in which people lived. When the bell was not answered, the man on the steps frowned at the jade green front door, then rang again. On which the door was

opened by an unfamiliar person, not a maid, who stood pushing up her top curls. She wore a cotton dress and studied him with the coldly intimate look he had found new in women since his return.

By contrast with the fixed outdoor silence, this dark interior was a cave of sound. The house now was like a machine with the silencer off it; there was nothing muted; the carpets looked thin. One got a feeling of functional anarchy, of loose plumbing, of fittings shocked from their place. From the basement came up a smell of basement cooking, a confident voice and the sound of a shutting door. At the top of the house a bath was being run out. A tray of glasses was moved, so inexpertly that everything on it tinkled, somewhere in the drawing-room over his head.

'She's expecting you, is she?' said the sceptical girl. He saw on the table behind her only a couple of leaflets and a driver's cap.

'I think so.'

'You know I'm expecting you!' exclaimed Magdela, beginning to come round the turn of the stairs.

'Sorry,' the girl said, stepping back to speak up the staircase. 'I didn't know you were in.' Turning, she disappeared through a waiting door, the door behind the dining-room, which she shut. 'Do come up, Rupert,' said Magdela, extending her hand to him from where she stood. 'I'm sorry; I meant to come down myself.'

Of the three drawing-room windows two stood open, so she must have heard the taxi: her failure to get to the door in time had been due to some inhibition or last thought. It would have been remarkable if she *had* yet arrived at the manner in which to open her own door—which would have to be something quite different from the impulsive informality of peace time. The tray of glasses she had been heard moving now stood on a pedestal table beside a sofa. She said: 'These days, there is no one to . . .' Indeed the expanse of parquet, though unmarked, no longer showed watery gloss and depth. Though it may have only been by the dusk that the many white lampshades were discoloured, he saw under one, as he sat down beside her, a film of dust over the bulb. Though they were still many, the lamps were fewer; some had been put away with the bric-a-brac that used to be on the tables and in the alcoves—and these occasional blanks were the least discomforting thing in the dead room. The reflections in

from the square fell on the chairs and sofas already worn rough on their satin tops and arms, and with grime homing into their rubbed parts. This had been the room of a hostess; the replica of so many others that you could not count. It had never had any other aspect, and it had no aspect at all to-night. The chairs remained so many, and their pattern was now so completely without focus that, had Magdela not sat down where she did sit, he would not have known in which direction to turn.

'How nice it was of you to ring me up,' she said. 'I had had no idea you were back in London. How did you know I was here? No one else is.'

'I happened to hear——'

'Oh, did you?' she said, a little bit disconcerted, then added quickly: 'Were you surprised?'

'I was delighted, naturally.'

'I came back,' she said. 'For the first year I was away, part of the time in the country, part of the time in the North with Anthony—he has been there since this all started, you know. Then, last winter, I decided to come back.'

'You are a Londoner.'

She said mechanically: 'Yes, I suppose so—yes. It's so curious to see you again, like this. Who would think that this was the same world?' She looked sideways out of the window, at the square. 'Who would have thought this could really happen? The last time we—how long ago was that? Two years ago?'

'A delightful evening.'

'Was it?' she said, and looked round the room. 'How nice. One has changed so much since then, don't you think? It is quite——'

At this point the door opened and a boy of about sixteen came in, in a dressing-gown. Not only was his hair twisted in tufts of dampness but a sort of humidity seemed to follow him, as though he were trailing the bathroom steam. 'Oh, sorry,' he said, but after a glance at Rupert he continued his way to the cigarette box. 'Bennet,' said Magdela 'I feel sure you ought not to smoke—Rupert, this is my nephew, Bennet: I expect we sometimes talked about him. He is here just for the night, on his way from school.'

'That reminds me,' said Bennet, 'would you very much mind if I stayed to-morrow?' Rupert watched Bennet squinting as he

lighted a cigarette. 'They say everyone's smoking more, now,' said Bennet. 'Actually, I hardly smoke at all.' He dropped the match into the empty steel grate. 'I took a bath,' he said to Magdela. 'I'm just going out.'

'Oh, Bennet, have you had anything to eat?'

'Well, I had tea at six,' he said, 'with an egg. I expect I'll pick up something at a Corner House.' He stooped to pull up a slipper on one heel and said: 'I didn't know you had visitors. As a matter of fact, I didn't know you were in. But everyone seems to be in to-night.' When he went out he did not shut the door behind him, and they could hear him slip-slopping upstairs. 'He's very independent,' said Magdela. 'But these days I suppose everyone is?'

'I must say,' he said, 'I'm glad you are not alone here. I should not like to think of your being that.'

'Wouldn't you?' she said. 'Well, I never am. This is my only room in the house—and, even so, as you see, Bennet comes in. The house seems to belong to everyone now. That was Gina who opened the front door.'

'Yes,' he said, 'who is she?'

'She used to be Anthony's secretary, but she wanted to come to London to drive a car for the war, so he told her she could live in this house, because it was shut up at that time. So it seemed to be quite hers, when I came back. She is supposed to sit in the back dining-room; that was why I couldn't ask you to dinner. But also, there is nobody who can cook—there is a couple down in the basement, but they are independent; they are only supposed to be caretakers. They have a son who is a policeman, and I know he sometimes sleeps somewhere at the top of the house—but caretakers are so hard to get. They have a schoolgirl daughter who comes in here when she thinks I am not about.'

'It seems to me you have a lot to put up with. Wouldn't you be more comfortable somewhere else?'

'Oh,' she said, 'is that how you think of me?'

'I do hope you will dine with me, one night soon.'

'Thank you,' she said evasively. 'Some night that would be very nice.'

'I suppose the fact is, you are very busy?'

'Yes, I am. I am working, doing things quite a lot.' She told him what she did, then her voice trailed off. He realized that he

and she could not be intimate without many other people in the room. He looked at the empty pattern of chairs round them and said: 'Where are all those people I used to meet?'

'Whom do you mean, exactly?' she said, startled. '—Oh, in different places, different places, you know. I think I have their addresses, if there's anyone special—?'

'You hear news of them?'

'Oh yes; oh yes, I'm sure I do. What can I tell you that would be interesting? I'm sorry,' she said suddenly, shutting her eyes, 'but so much has happened.' Opening her eyes to look at him, she added: 'So much more than you know.'

To give point to this, the telephone started ringing: the bell filled the room, the sounding-box of the house and travelled through windows into the square. Rupert remembered how, on other summer evenings, you had constantly heard the telephones in the houses round. It was to-night startling to hear a telephone ring. Magdela stared at the telephone, at a distance from her—not as though she shared this feeling that Rupert had, but as though something happened out of its time. She seemed to forbid the bell with her eyes, with that intent fixed warning intimate look, and, seeming unwilling to leave the sofa, contracted into stone-stillness by Rupert's side. At a loss, he said: 'Like me to see who it is?'

'No, I will; I must,' her voice hardened, 'Or they will be answering from downstairs.'

This evidently did happen: the bell stopped an instant before her fingers touched the receiver. She raised it, listened into it, frowned. 'It's all right, Gina,' she said. 'Thank you; you needn't bother. I'm here.'

She stood with her back to Rupert, with her head bent, still warily listening to the receiver. Then: 'Yes, it's me now,' she said, in an all at once very much altered tone. 'But——'

After Gina had let in Rupert she went back to continue to wait for her telephone call. *She* always answered from the foot of the stairs. Before sitting down again, or not sitting down, she went through from the back to the front dining-room, to open the window overlooking the square. The long table and the two sideboards were, as she always remembered them, sheeted up, and a smell of dust came from the sheets. Returning to the room

that was hers to sit in, she left the archway doors open behind her, so that, before the black-out, air might pass through. The perspective of useless dining-room through the archway, the light fading from it through the bombed gap did not affect her. She had not enough imagination to be surprised by the past—still less, by its end. When, the November after the war started, she first came to sleep in the closed house, she had, as Anthony's mistress, speculated as to this former part of his life. She supposed he had gained something by entertaining, though it did not seem to her he had much to show. While she stayed faithful to him she pitied him for a number of reasons she did not let appear. Now that she had begun to deceive him she found only that one reason to pity him. Now she loved someone else in a big way, she supposed it was time to clear out of this house. She only thought this; she did not feel it; her feelings were not at all fine. She did not know how to move without bringing the whole thing up, which would be tough on Anthony while he was in the North.

As to her plans for to-night—she never knew. So much depended—or, she might hear nothing. She wondered if she should put in time by writing to Anthony; she got out her pad and sat with it on her knee. Hearing Bennet's bath continue to run out she thought, that's a funny time for a bath. Underneath where she sat, the caretaker's wife was washing up the supper dishes and calling over her shoulder to her policeman son: the voice came out through the basement window and withered back on the silence round.

She wrote words on the pad:

'*Since I came here one thing and another seems to have altered my point of view. I don't know how to express myself, but I think under the circumstances I ought to tell you. Being here has started to get me down; for one thing it is such a way from the bus. Of course it has been a help; but don't you think it would be better if your wife had the place all to herself? As far as I can see she means to stay. Naturally she and I do not refer to this. But, for instance, if she had two nephews there would be no place for the other to sleep—*'

—And looked at them with her head on one side. She heard Bennet come down the flights of staircase, rigidly dropping his feet from step to step. He pulled up with a jingle of the things in his pockets and thought of something outside her door. O God,

don't let him come bothering in here, you see I might get this done. But he did: leaning his weight on the door handle and with the other hand holding the frame of the door he swung forward at her, with damp-flattened hair.

'Sorry,' he said, 'but shall you be going out?' She kept a hold on her letter-pad and said fiercely: 'Why?'

'If not, I might have your key.'

'Why not ask your aunt?'

'She's got someone there. You mean, you might go out, but you don't know?'

'No. Don't come bothering here, like a good boy. What's the matter with you, have you got a date?'

'No,' he said. 'I just want some food in some place.'

He walked away from her through the archway and looked out at the square from the end of the dining-room. The lampless dusk seemed to fascinate him. 'There are quite a lot of people standing about,' he said. 'Couples. This must be quite a place. Do you suppose they go into the empty houses?'

'No, they're all locked up.'

'What's the good of that, I don't see?'

'They're property.'

'I should say they were cracked; I shouldn't say they'd ever be much use. Oh, sorry, are you writing a letter? I say, I thought they were taking the railings away from squares; I thought the iron was some good. You think this place will patch up? I suppose it depends who wants it. Anybody can have it as far as I'm concerned. You can't get to anywhere from here.'

'Hadn't you better push off? Everywhere will be shut.'

'I know, but what about the key?'

But her head turned sharply: the telephone started ringing at the foot of the stairs. Bennet's expression became more hopeful. 'Go on, why don't you,' he said, 'then we might know where we are.'

Gina came back to him from the telephone, with one hand pushing her curls up. 'So what?' said Bennet.

'That was for her,' she said. 'It would be. I got my head bitten off. No place for me, on that line. You'd think she was the only one in the house.' She picked up her bag and gave him the key out of it. 'Oh, all right,' she said. 'Here you are. Run along.'

He thumbed the key and said: 'Oh, then it wasn't your regular?'

'Nothing of mine,' she said. 'Regular if you like. . . . Look, I thought you were going to run along?'

Just before Bennet shut the front door behind him he heard a ghostly click from the telephone at the foot of the stairs—in the drawing-room the receiver had been put back. Whatever there had been to say to his aunt must have been said—or totally given up. He thought, so what was the good of *that?* Stepping down into the dusk of the square, that lay at the foot of the steps like water, he heard voices above his head. His aunt and her visitor stood at one of the open windows, looking down, or seeming to look down, at the lovers. Rupert and Magdela for the moment looked quite intimate, as though they had withdrawn to the window from a number of people in the room behind them—only in that case the room would have been lit up.

Bennet, going out to hunt food, kept close along under the fronts of the houses with a primitive secretiveness. He made for the north outlet of the square, by which Rupert's taxi had come in, and at last in the distance heard the sound of a bus.

Magdela smiled and said to Rupert: 'Yes, look. Now the place seems to belong to everyone. One has nothing except one's feelings. Sometimes I think I hardly know myself.'

'How curious that light is,' he said, looking across at the gap.

'You know, I am happy.' This was her only reference to the words he had heard her say to the telephone. 'Of course, I have no plans. This is no time to make plans, now. But do talk to me—perhaps you have no plans, either? I have been so selfish, talking about myself. But to meet you after so much has happened—in one way, there seemed nothing to talk about. Do tell me how things strike you, what you have thought of things—coming back to everything like you have. Do you think we shall all see a great change?'

PHILIP HENDY

HENRY MOORE

In the exhibition of work by Henry Moore, John Piper and Graham Sutherland at Temple Newsam[1] Henry Moore's sculpture and drawing are shown in all their phases up to the present moment from the time when he ceased to be a student at the Royal College of Art. Of the twenty-eight sculptures, the earliest, a fifteen-inch 'Woman' in walnut wood from the Rutherston Loan Collection, is signed and dated 1923,[2] the latest, 'The Helmet' in lead, was made in 1940; and the fifty-eight drawings range from a study of the nude of the same year or 1924 to a number of air-raid shelter scenes signed and dated 1941. This retrospective scope of the exhibition invites the attempt to fathom the meaning of Moore's work as a whole, especially as there is another factor at Temple Newsam which gives an unusual significance to the individual pieces. This is the quality of the light there. It comes from the side, through big windows which have on the reverse wide views over the rolling, wooded landscape upon which the old house stands. To see it in relation to landscape quickens the meaning of much of Moore's work, but what is more essential is the greater concentration of light coming through a window at the side, in comparison with the lighting of the typical exhibition room, from the top.

It must be the problem of light which leads most writers upon sculpture to insist that sculpture is the most difficult of the arts. Light is the great problem of all visual composition; but the painter has a much greater control over light than the sculptor. He fixes its quantity and its direction, stating in his picture how much of it there is and whence it comes. Wherever his picture may be hung, these things remain much the same, and with them the meaning of the picture. The sculptor may fix his work, but he cannot fix the light. Turn his work ever so little and the meaning is altered because the light falls upon it differently. He has to think of the light falling from every direction; and that is why his problem, that of creating actual form, is more difficult

[1] The exhibition will be prolonged probably until the middle of October.
[2] This is the only piece of sculpture signed by Moore.

than that of the painter who has to create only the illusion of it. The public expects illusions, and that is why it has some interest in painting, but almost none in sculpture. Even the most superficial of painters has to produce an illusion of the third dimension, and it requires almost no imagination to realize that to produce the illusion needed technical skill. With sculpture in the round there is no illusion. The object is actually there. One can walk round it, and it does require imagination to see that a piece of real sculpture in the round is more than merely there, that it impels one to walk round it with the mind as well as with the body, to feel it with the mind as well as with the hand, to discover that one can enjoy these mental experiences. So the modern sculpture which has roused most enthusiasm with the British Public is relief sculpture, in which an illusion of perspective has been created similar to the illusion required in painting, like Sargeant Jagger's Artillery War Memorial, in which soldiers appear to hang doubled over barbed wire, though the carving which represents them is only a few inches deep. An illusion which tells an obvious story and evokes admiration for itself without making any call upon the imagination is what the Public wants.

The preference for relief sculpture is not a modern phenomenon. If one includes in that category all that has a fixed background and can be seen from only one side, an enormous proportion of the world's great sculpture must belong to it. Yet the sculptor in relief, if he avoids the greatest difficulty, also misses the greatest opportunity of the sculptor in the round. To the latter the light presents many more problems but also infinite possibilities. If his music is subtle enough, the light will dance for him as for no one else. I was there when Moore's sculptures were brought up into the exhibition rooms at Temple Newsam. Though the rooms were decorated in contrasting colours and looked through their big windows on to a summer landscape, they contained nothing but a dead glare. From the moment when the first of the sculptures was dumped on the floor by a team of embarrassed attendants, they began to fill with light. Moore's sculptures do not just stand in the light; they attract it; they set it to work. Turn them only a little in the light and the whole effect changes; there is a fresh and unexpected direction to the form, a different balance between the masses which compose it; there is a new composition in light and shade. These are the rewards of the sculptor who can think in the round.

The ability to do so is not acquired in a moment. That earliest tentative little 'Woman' in walnut wood is conceived in planes which are almost mutually exclusive; and only less so is the monumental 'Mother and Child' in Hornton stone from the Manchester Gallery. Here the child is pulled over the mother's shoulders and the impression of form piled and pressed close upon form is one of tremendous strength and intensity. One realizes the grandeur of Moore's conception when one reads in the catalogue that the stone is only twenty-two inches high, though it begins below the woman's breast and ends with the child's head above hers. The impression is of a superhuman scale. It comes principally, however, from the back and sides, where the forms are simplified with the utmost skill, so that they lose none of their natural character and yet give instant pleasure by their metrical arrangement—in the repetition, for instance, made by the woman's breast and doubled arm. All these forms converge round the woman's head and exert upon it a pressure of uncomfortable intensity. In spite of a drastic simplification of the forms the facets become too many and at its very heart the design becomes too complex to be intelligible.

With this composition Moore has been grappling with the fundamental anomaly of the modern sculptor's position when he uses the human body as his motif: that the head is an extremity sculpturally, but emotionally the centre. Hence his subsequent experiments with abstract forms. He is not a Humanist, and there is this essential difference between him and the sculptors of sixth-century Greece, whose work his early work resembles a little in the selection and definition of the planes and their metrical arrangement. Between their dawning Humanism, so happily unconscious, and what he has to do lie the increasingly conscious experiments in composition of 'Classicism', of the 'Baroque', of 'Neo-Classicism' and of the 'Cubism' from which he himself takes root.

Before we go further, however, into the history of Moore's composition, we must notice how from the very beginning his forms and his materials are one. Compact and 'Cubist' as it is, the little figure in walnut wood ripples with movement. The group in stone is static. Trees grow out of the ground, opposing with their vitality the laws of gravity, and the history of their life is written in their grain. But the grain of stone preserves a different history: that of compression, of utter submission to the most final

of laws. When Moore carves wood it is always into a shape which preserves its quality of growth and movement. When it is stone, the shape is more concentrated and intense. He brings these intrinsic qualities to the surface, so that the texture emphasizes the shape again and the grain by its movement underlines the direction of the forms. With this sense of texture are bound up the sense of the luminosity of the material and its colour. He takes every advantage of the modern diversity of imports. His wood and stone are of many kinds, with great variety of opaqueness and of colour.

Colour and texture are very noticeable features of the 'Reclining Woman' of 1929. Here there is a bold contrast between the green body of the Hornton stone and its bands of rusty brown. These often give to it a general richness of colour like the patina of excavated bronze, and they were already used to add a quiet colour pattern to the design of 'Mother and Child'. Here a bolder contrast emphasizes the boldness of the forms as it follows their contours and at the same time with its note of geology draws attention to the wild nature in the material. This remains essentially a carving from a block of stone, the base remaining as witness of its original proportions. And so one can take no exception to the arbitary proportion of the great limbs to the little trunk or to the fact that the head has no particular expression, only the universal, vital strength which animates the whole figure. Its scale of about half life-size makes its convexities fit easily into the hollow of the hand and the irresistible invitation to touch is followed by a delicious sensation from both form and texture. The tactile quality could hardly be stronger than it is already in Moore's work. He does not abuse and compromise it by attempting to create illusions. What one touches remains essentially stone. He is always willing to share the credit for his work with his material. In 'Mother and Child' he was too much dominated by the density of the stone. Here the choice of the reclining posture itself implies a relaxation of the tension and the forms begin to flow and soften. Nevertheless the composition still gives the impression of being intended to be seen from a particular angle. The 'Reclining Woman' of the following year, also in Hornton stone and only imperceptibly larger, is conceived more freely. The figure is extended in much the same degree, but the knees point upward, the breasts even more boldly up, so that the whole movement is towards the sky as much as along the earth. Here the

element of wild nature is conveyed less by the emphasis of the material and more by the growing distortion of the forms. I had likened this figure to a range of hills before I knew that it had been reproduced under the title of 'Mountains'. Already Moore is using the geography of woman's body to express his passionate feeling for the earth itself. He is grandly heterosexual as few artists are to-day. He does not parade it in extravagant eroticism like the artists who need to reassure themselves of their sex. It is under the control of his reason. But one feels in most of his big works a virile sensuousness which overflows from woman to the forms of Nature herself. By 1939, when he carved the more than life-size 'Reclining Figure' out of the trunk of a great elm tree, the landscape element has left only a reminiscence of the human figure. This fact and the revolutionary means by which it is accomplished make it a rather frightening object unless we have studied the experiments of the decade which lies between.

In the exhibition these intervening years are represented by twenty sculptures, of which each one almost is an adventure in a new kind of material and a new kind of form. There are astonishing contrasts between works of the same year. In 1933 another 'Reclining Figure' is modelled in reinforced concrete. It is a repellent figure if one does not succeed in dissociating it from the human form, which has fallen apart to be connected again by entrails, in stone, but it is a fascinating experiment in the relation of abstract volumes in a new openness of composition made possible by the moulding of stone to a wire frame. To the same year belongs the exquisite little upright *Figure* in beechwood belonging to Sir Michael Sadler, of which the almost entirely abstract form is very compact and extraordinarily simple, but vital as anything alive.

In the middle of this decade almost all the forms are entirely abstract, mere pieces of stone or wood with sharp, purposeful excisions here and there but in their main outlines smoothed and rounded, as if Moore had been Time himself, with all his patience and the wind and the waters for his tools. One reward for his sympathy with his materials must be that it suggests new forms itself, but, however he may humour it, he is never hurried by it into vague eccentricities in which its character can predominate. Unlike Time he has a purpose, and he expresses it very plainly in the vitality of the forms as a whole, in the varied harmonies which

he creates out of the relations between the quick and the slow movement, the hollowness or convexity of the parts and the play of the light which he has set to work. To 1936 belongs the first composition in the exhibition in which he relates different solid forms together by fixing them to a base. The space between them becomes significant, as well as the forms themselves.

It follows, naturally, I suppose, in designing a single form, to use not only the solid but the hollow, the space which the hollow form encloses as much as the form itself. In 'Bird-Basket' of 1938 he conquers new elements. If it had been left a solid, it would be alive and irresistible to the fingers, for its outer shape has a dynamic quality which is intensified by the swirling grain of the *lignum vitæ*, hardest and densest of all woods. But its external roundness is actually emphasized by the fact that it is hollowed out from above, especially as a band of wood is left to complete the movement over the top, like the handle to a basket. On one side the space between the handle and the boldly undulating brim is bridged by parallel strands of blue cord, and below this another band of red cords bridges the whole space, being drawn downwards towards the centre through a tongue of wood which rises from below. The contrast of the swirling solid form and the straight flight across space of the translucent bands of string is stimulating, but more so is that of the lively play of light outside the form with the gentler, more mysterious play inside it. The sculptor is always seeking to master Nature by enclosing her infinity in forms which he can hold in the hollow of his hand. In 'Bird-Basket' Moore seems to make the air itself do his bidding. To 1938 also belongs the first stone sculpture in the exhibition in which a hollow in the form which he is shaping is bored right through it. The contours which ebb round it are drawn with it to the other side. By the contrast with the outward swelling of the others, the whole range of movement is increased. So is the range of tone in the composition of light and shade; for the light which now comes from the other side in concentrated brightness is contrasted not only with the soft half-light given by the usual concavities, but with the deep shadow of another hole bored only part way through.

This tunnelling technique is developed to a much higher degree in the colossal elm 'Reclining Figure' of the following year. It is hollowed out in a succession of caves, so that the inner space is

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quite as important as the outer form. There is only a reminiscence of the human figure. One recognizes head and breast, arms and legs and is conscious of a sensuousness of which the intensity could come only from tactile knowledge of the body, but the scale and the movement and the expression of the whole vast object draw one into the very loins of nature in her most elemental state. To look at it from above and from the outside, where the rippling of the rough grain expresses the endless downward movement of the form, is to feel oneself descending some wild headland towards the sea; to look upward and inward through the succession of hollows is to walk from one cave to another that has been tunnelled into its heart by the waves. Each holding a different quality of light, these hollows which lead the eye from one to the other, their form intensified again by the rings in the grain of the wood, give a pleasure analogous to that which is got from the relation of solid masses of form; but the quality of it is more romantic, for the inner light is softer and the contrast is of shadow with shadow rather than of light and shade. Thus in a single form Moore has expressed his feelings for the earth itself and for woman as part of the same great creation.

The daring revolution by which he has accomplished the most mystic of his works is no mere eccentric experiment. It is a long time since the painters escaped from the concentration upon man which was inherited from the civilization of the Mediterranean. In the Renaissance the greatest of them balanced the interest almost equally between man and nature. With many great painters of the seventeenth century and with almost all the greatest of modern times landscape became in its own right a legitimate means of expression. As this movement has grown in painting, sculpture, bound to the human figure, has fallen into decline. If it can be concerned only with the human figure and with the emotions of man, then it must wait for a return to Humanism on all sides. That may never come, and meanwhile what law binds sculpture to the human figure? Henry Moore is showing us that there is none. He has moved from adventure to adventure boldly and without compromise, but never erratically, always logically, step by step, always in sympathy with his medium, always a craftsman, always dealing with the real things of sculpture. Strangely enough, it is the illusionists who are popularly thought to be dealing in reality.

Lieut. *THE EARL OF ANTRIM, R.N.*

ROBERT BYRON

EVER since the last war my generation has been tried by reminiscences of unique men who were killed between 1914 and 1918. We have been told that if only that generation had survived England would never have fallen into the slough that bogged her until the collapse of France. We have heard of intellectual giants, who were destroyed in the flower of their youth, until we doubted if these people even existed. We have come to be bored by these recollections, as we are when travellers return from strange countries, and they tell us of experiences in which we can take no interest because the scene is too remote for us to visualize. I am afraid the next generation is condemned to a similar fate, and Robert Byron will be one of those who will be quoted as long as any of his friends survive.

Robert's death has robbed me and many others of a dearly loved friend. His death has also deprived his country of a devoted and valuable citizen. The qualities that made him a perfect friend and companion were to a great extent those that made him an important member of society, and for that reason I will try to describe Robert as I remember him.

In appearance Robert was short and growing fat; his face was pale and he never looked well; but he was tremendously alive, even the way he stood or walked made that obvious. One of the worst deficiencies of the English during the past twenty years has been lack of vitality. It became almost indecent to possess vigour and Robert in that way as well as many others was no child of his generation. There was no department of life that Robert rejected; he loved the world and lived in a way which eighteenth-century Englishmen would have understood and admired.

Robert was an intellectual although he never adopted the current ideas that were fashionable with the intelligentsia. He was a 'bon viveur' and yet was capable of enduring great hardships. He was a writer of distinction, and he also made a reputation in the oil industry. He had travelled widely and intelligently, but he also knew and loved England for qualities that seemed to have died in that ghastly period between the two wars.

Robert's ability for research and his opportunity to travel convinced him that the English have a power of social behaviour which gives them a unique capacity for government. That was why he fretted and fumed as it became more and more obvious that the English were betraying themselves and their heritage when they put 'safety of themselves before the freedom of others', and were prepared to shirk their responsibilities for another few years of uneasy peace.

Robert was the antithesis of everything that has brought us to this war. He was robust, he was brave, and he was clear-sighted, and we shall need him and others like him if we are to build a world that is fit to live in after Hitler and his perverted gang have been destroyed.

Since the summer of 1939, when even the Government saw that war was inevitable, Robert was deeply concerned with the possibilities of building a sound and workable order in Europe when the time came to make peace. I think that the conclusions at which Robert aimed are worthy of consideration on any subject to which he devoted his mind. As he has been killed I feel that it is right that some indication should be given of the way his brain was moving. I cannot claim to have been in close contact with him since the war, because we have been widely separated on different work, but we corresponded, and I think I know the broad trend of his ideas at the end.

Robert was impressed by the basic arguments in Streit's *Union Now*; he was unable to accept many of the detailed conclusions in that book, but he believed that Federal Union was founded on fundamental truths, which hitherto had not been recognized. The arguments that attracted Robert were, I think, these. Mankind is historically incapable of common action for the common good unless that action is enforced by law. Laws are never perfect and can only approximate to being good if the legislators are directly controlled by the ruled. It is childish in the light of experience to expect man to be capable of social behaviour because he is told to be nice; he is able, however, to abide peacefully by laws which are generally just and which are enforced by an executive which has the power to exert its authority.

Robert, therefore, accepted Federal Union's general principles, but he refused to be detailed. He was architecturally minded, and he saw clearly the folly of planning to build without knowledge of

the materials that would be available. It is useless making drawings of a marble temple when bricks are all that its builders will handle.

Robert is dead, and many of us can hardly visualize the world without his forceful figure hurrying to work or fun, but it is for us who knew and loved him, to try to decide if he had not reached conclusions that may direct the world along the road to a lasting peace. But even if his ideas are not proved to be right, we must be determined that no lack of vigour will spoil our intention that it is to be impossible for the Roberts of the next generation to be drowned in a barbarous war initiated by the folly of weak-kneed and incompetent politicians.

SELECTED NOTICES

Scum of the Earth: by Arthur Koestler. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.

The title of Mr. Koestler's new book is taken from a passage in it: '. . . A few years ago we were called the martyrs of fascist barbarism and defenders of liberty . . . now we had become the scum of the earth.' It is a moving story which begins a few peaceful days before the war—one cannot say 'broke out', but—developed its first normally belligerent phase. It goes through the period of Mr. Koestler being harried by the sinister French bureaucracy, the French defeat, the rise of Philippe le Gaga, and ends after the author's release from Pentonville. It is a grim and terrible story, that of a deliquescence of a society, of a civilization almost, but Mr. Koestler writes with a continuous sense of humour, that saving grace which assures one all the time that one is being spoken to by a normal human being, retaining normal human values, and impelled by a reasoned idealism. What is most remarkable about this book is, that in spite of the treatment he has received from people on whose side he might be supposed to be battling, he harbours no atom of resentment. Mr. Koestler is untainted by the refugee mentality.

It is no use pretending that this is such a good book as *Darkness at Noon*. That was a work of art sustained by profound ethical implications, a completely successful book. This one is necessarily more journalistic, and, because the author so wills it, more questioning. His is not a mind fixed in grooves, slave to formulas

or preconceived ideas, dazzled by dialectics, which last indeed he has come to mistrust actively. He rebelled against communism because it accepted the doctrine that the end justifies the means, a deadly and distorting doctrine which falsifies the end because it warps the spirit; this is, indeed, the main theme of *Darkness at Noon*. Mr. Koestler is prepared to begin again at the very beginning. After the experience of the change in meaning of *Il faut en finir* down to the fatal *Il fallait en finir,* after hearing of how the agriculturists of the north of France were outwitted by the Doriot gang into helping to destroy the Front Populaire which had brought them so much benefit, he says: 'I had imagined I knew the proletariat—now I realize that those I met at party-meetings, in C-P cells, etc.; were exceptions, a selected vanguard, entirely untypical. In three weeks here (i.e. 'unoccupied' France) I have learnt more about mass psychology than in seven years of Communist busybodiness. Good God! In what an imaginary world we have lived. Have we to start quite afresh—all of us?'

Probably; but to go where? That is the eternal question. If only one could scrap all parties and -isms, and tackle the problem anew in terms of human beings! The enemies chosen by ideologists, or even simple idealists, have already changed their nature by the time the attack is launched: the enemy is somewhere else, called by another name. It may be that the problem is, as Mr. Koestler suggests in his Epilogue, to marry the right economics to the right political idea. He offers us only two kinds of either; chaos or planning for the first, autocracy or democracy for the second. He equates state-capitalism with state-socialism, but that is true only if socialism accepts the capitalist analysis, which is largely the Marxian, of finance and credit. Though indeed, supposing him to be right, what matters, is the end for which planning is done, so long as the end, as all planners need to be reminded, itself governs the means. As Romain Rolland once pointed out: 'It is not true to say that the end justifies the means. The means are even more important for true progress than the end. For the end (so rarely reached, and always incompletely) but modifies the external relations between men. The means, however, shape the mind of man according either to the rhythm of justice or to the rhythm of violence.' The means, in fact, matters supremely; the end can look after itself. This is where, of course, democracy comes in. There are endless forms of demo-

cracy, and each country will have to find the one that suits it best: some will take a long time to find one at all, and perhaps for some it will always partake largely of autocracy. That does not much matter so long as the permeating idea is always the development and responsibility of the individual, and not the worship of a hypothetical state.

This, however, is to go somewhat beyond the brief of a reviewer. Mr. Koestler's book is not a polemical argument; it is a personal record, a brilliant and moving narrative, executed with superlative honesty. The portraits are swift and admirable; we get the feel of Le Vernet, where he was interned, as we do the atmosphere of that corner of France where he found himself as a legionary. The book is vividly translated, and should be read by anyone wishing to understand present-day France.

BONAMY DOBRÉE

Time Exposure: Cecil Beaton and Peter Quennell. Batsford. 12s. 6d.

THIS is a book in paillettes. A potent cocktail, the very newest bandbox or a flourish in electrics. Mr. Beaton's photographic skill and charm spill over and down a predestined course of fashionable popularity like a liqueur advertisement in coloured lights pouring and re-pouring down the side of the Eiffel Tower, which is not to imply that this book concerns itself only with the ephemeral and the frivolous, although the dominating flavour is certainly social, elegant and even theatrical. In a way this very pretty and entertaining volume is as poignant and delicate as the passage of time on a pretty woman's face, but it is also as formidable and inexorable: for in the world of fashion Cecil Beaton's is an authoritative voice. The final impression, however, is one of charming evanescent gaiety. Time with its finger on its smiling lips, time the dancer, the mimic, the harlequin. On the mirror-like parquet floor Mrs. Peter Quennell and Mr. Cecil Beaton take hands and, with the assurance and éclat befitting their personal distinction, bow smiling and kissing their hands from a circle of lilac spotlight. In perfect accord they execute a restrained and graceful pirouette. While the entertainment value of this book is very high, it lacks cohesion. The members of the Cabinet, so impeccably dressed and suavely seated (no fifty-shilling tailor business about them!) in gentlemanly rooms, at the end of the book seem tacked on as a sedate afterthought. The Royal family,

beautiful and lovable though they are, appear ill at ease, a little distrait, in this dazzling meretricious *Répétition Générale* of Art, theatre and fashion. Mr. Quennell's commentary is excellent. His obituary, so biting and trenchant over the grave of surréalisme is masterly and deserved, and we have only to read his *Ballet*, and *Travel* to realize that we are in the presence of a mercurial and malevolent wit of a very high order. It was a happy thought to contrive this collaboration, for both Mr. Beaton's photographs and Mr. Quennell's prose have one particular quality in common: drama. The power to hold the attention, stir the senses, and titillate half pleasantly, half unpleasantly, every dormant vestige of resistant *amour-propre* still left in the ravaged bosom of the present-day reader. Always terse and sometimes beautiful though Mr. Quennell's writing is, the scope of the book does not favour the inclusion of literary judgments such as those concerning Mr. Aldous Huxley, Mr. Evelyn Waugh, and Mr. Lytton Strachey. Also, in the critical estimate of the gifts of that unpredictable *enfant terrible*, Mr. Jean Cocteau—his subject hardly seems snared. One has the impression that Mr. Quennell's concise paragraph is a net from which his victim has escaped. The edicts of fashion are notoriously capricious, and Mr. Beaton's art is as volatile as the whim of his goddess. Thus the book is permeated by a feeling of restlessness and unreality. Sometimes the subject and the background appear ill-assorted or the illusion lacking, but on the whole this proves to be the exception—and it is impossible to view such pages as the *House of Pleasure* without a quickened heart-beat, the wonderful quality of the photograph assumes a literary proportion, and these static *planches* become as instinct with life as a vivid narrative. If occasionally the pages seem too stultifyingly *mondain*, or pointlessly dated, there is always a pick-me-up on the next page, and Mr. Beaton's tonic personality dominates the book. Here is a worldly enchanter, fickle, racy, romantic, and essentially of the theatre, I think, for is it not through a succession of rising and falling gauzes, spangled with sequins, that we can best see and salute his art? He is less at ease with the sorrowful, the grave and lustreless, although the lovely little child on page two is memorable, and the pictures of bombed London on page 127 are very fine indeed. Perhaps in an austere mood, the reader may sometimes feel that this gay confetti of camera clicks, of Mr. Beaton's fantastic celluloid *fouettées* and

Mr. Quennell's clever asides is a little limited by its almost exclusively fashionable appeal, by its many reminders of the worlds of Vogue Magazine and Harper's Bazaar—i.e. that the 'All is Vanity' motif inclines to tire one swiftly, to fade as quickly as new tissue paper. But fashion's transitoriness and lightness are only equalled by its insistence and its intensity. However much we may decry and scorn fashion for its superficiality, its irrelevance to the more solid and reliable manifestations of human nature, it will return to us like a boomerang: the small charming pleasures are so necessary, and at the present moment more than ever, in these stricken wartime days, we are grateful for a little sheer unalloyed frivolity, gaiety and even luxury. And these photographs are essentially luxurious. The sitters, the photographer, the gleaming *décors*, all speak of an outlook rarified and exotic. This book, this bouquet, a *corbeille de fleurs* real and false, evokes the *Carnet de Bal*, in pink cardboard, stamped in silver, new; newer than the freshest invitation; accompanied by the posy of moss-roses and blue forget-me-nots, corseted and framed in tulle and ribbon. Cecil Beaton says to us with a smile and a flash of magnesium: 'Here are the sparkling years I have known—here is a record of art, charm, vigour and happiness.' (Mr. Beaton is always explicit, there is no mystery in his art.) Nearly always he appears to excite a quick sympathy with his subject—did I hear a murmur of victims?—there is necessarily a sadist in every photographer. His power over the pathetic vanity of the human ego is colossal. These proofs which he—even he—gazes at aghast, may rarely be sent to the expectant subject. One must remember in extenuation that all photography is a complicity—the sitter is as involved as he is, more so, in the outcome, and the camera man cannot be innocent. He is caught up in the fascinating toils of his *Moloch art*, that no willing kindness of his best wishes can extricate him from. He wishes to please, but with reservations. In all good art there is an inhuman touch; the flesh and blood subject is to the photographer or painter on the same level of importance as the surrounding details—the top hat, the balustrade, the chair, the cornice. The artist is pitiless, as ruthless and impersonal in his approach as an inventory maker. But it would be unfair to this original book to end the review on a note of shadow or cynicism. Mr. Beaton's lovely gift for putting salt on the tail of fashion—for lassoing with such gaiety and precision,

the chic, subtle and romantic aspects of contemporary, fashionable life arouses the hope that one day he may make a book about Paris—the Siren City at all seasons—particularly perhaps in her midsummer zenith of season. That this tentative suggestion may smack of ingratitude to the present volume is the last wish of the reviewer. Here is a delightful *divertissement,* charmingly produced —a *bombe en surprise.* In Cecil Beaton's art it is always the birthday morning—the eve of the Ball, the rise of the curtain.

STEPHAN TENNANT

The Forge. By Arturo Barea. Translated from the Spanish, with an introduction by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. Faber & Faber. 10s. 6d.

IF some Russian writer were at this moment to produce a book of reminiscences of his childhood in 1900, it would be difficult to review it without mentioning the fact that Soviet Russia is now our ally against Germany, and in the same way it is impossible to read *The Forge* without thinking at almost every page of the Spanish Civil War. In fact there is no direct connection, for the book deals only with Senor Barea's early youth and ends in 1914. But the civil war made a deep and painful impression on the English intelligentsia, deeper, I should say, that has yet been made by the war now raging. The man in the street, misled by frivolous newspapers, ignored the whole business, the rich mechanically sided with the enemies of the working class, but to all thinking and decent people the war was a terrible tragedy that has made the word 'Spain' inseparable from the thought of burnt bodies and starving children. One seems to hear the thunder of future battles somewhere behind Senor Barea's pages, and it is as a sort of prologue to the civil war, a picture of the society that made it possible, that his book is most likely to be valued.

He was born into a very poor family, the son actually of a washerwoman, but with uncles and aunts who were slightly richer than his mother. In Catholic countries the clever boy of a peasant family finds his easiest escape from manual labour in the priesthood, but Senor Barea, who had anticlerical relatives and was an early unbeliever himself, after winning a scholarship at a Church school, went to work at thirteen in a draper's shop, and afterwards in a bank. All his good memories are of country places,

especially of the forge belonging to his uncle in Mentrida, a magnificent independent peasant of the type now extinct in the industrialized countries. On the other hand his memories of Madrid are low and squalid, a tale of poverty and overwork far more extreme than anything to be found in England. And here, perhaps, in his descriptions of the Madrid slums, of hordes of naked children with their heads full of lice and lecherous priests playing cards for the contents of the poor-boxes, he gives half-consciously the clue to the Spanish Civil War: it is that Spain is a country too poor to have ever known the meaning of decent government. In England we could not have a civil war, not because tyranny and injustice do not exist, but because they are not obvious enough to stir the common people to action. Everything is toned down, padded, as it were, by ancient habits of compromise, by representative institutions, by liberal aristocrats and incorruptible officials, by a 'superstructure' that has existed so long that it is only partly a sham. There are no half-tones in the Spain that Senor Barea is describing. Everything is happening in the open, in the ferocious Spanish sunlight. It is the straightforward corruption of a primitive country, where the capitalist is openly a sweater, the official always a crook, the priest an ignorant bigot or a comic rascal, the brothel a necessary pillar of society. The nature of all problems is obvious, even to a boy of fifteen. Sex, for example:

'My cousin is taking advantage of my being a boy. But she is right. She would be a whore if she were to go to bed with anyone . . . I'd like to go to bed with the girls, and they would like to come with me, but it is impossible. Men have whores for that; women have to wait until the priest marries them, or they become whores themselves. And, naturally, meantime they get excited. Those who get too excited have to become whores.'

Or politics:

'They were always fighting in Parliament, Maura, Pablo Iglesias, and Lerroux, and they painted on the walls slogans such as "Down with Maura". Sometimes they would write in red, "Maura, up!" The workers were those who wrote "Down with Maura"! Those who wrote "up" were the gentry. . . . At nightfall, when Alcala Street is crowded, a group of young gentlemen will appear shouting "Maura, up!" Then a group of workers

and students is formed at once, and begins to shout "Maura, down!" . . . The civil guards charge, but they never attack the gentry.'

When I read that last phrase, 'the civil guards never attack the gentry', there came back to me a memory which is perhaps out of place in a review, but which illustrates the difference of social atmosphere in a country like England and a country like Spain. I am six years old, and I am walking along a street in our little town with my mother and a wealthy local brewer, who is also a magistrate. The tarred fence is covered with chalk drawings, some of which I have made myself. The magistrate stops, points disapprovingly with his stick and says, 'We are going to catch the boys who draw on these walls, and we are going to order them Six Strokes of the Birch Rod'. (It was all in capitals in my mind.) My knees knock together, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth, and at the earliest possible moment I sneak away to spread the dreadful intelligence. In a little while, all the way down the fence, there is a long line of terror-stricken children, all spitting on their handkerchiefs and trying to rub out the drawings. But the interesting thing is that not till many years later, perhaps twenty years, did it occur to me that my fears had been groundless. No magistrate would have condemned me to Six Strokes of the Birch Rod, even if I had been caught drawing on the wall. Such punishments were reserved for the Lower Orders. The Civil Guards charge, but they never attack the gentry. In England it was and still is possible to be unaware of this, but not in the Spain that Senor Barea writes of. There, injustice was unmistakable, politics was a struggle between black and white, every extremist doctrine from Carlism to Anarchism could be held with lunatic clarity. 'Class war' was not merely a phrase, as it has come to be in the Western democracies. But which state of affairs is better is a different question.

This is not primarily a political book, however. It is a fragment of autobiography, and we may hope that others will follow it, for Senor Barea has had a varied and adventurous life. He has travelled widely, he has been both worker and capitalist, he took part in the civil war and he served in the Riff War under General Franco. If the Fascist powers have done no other good, they have at least enriched the English-speaking world by exiling all their best writers. Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell's translation is vivid and

colloquial, but it was a pity to stick all the way through to the 'dramatic present', which seems all right in a Latin language but rapidly becomes tiresome in English.

GEORGE ORWELL

II

IT was Barea's brilliant review of Hemingway's book that made me rush to get *The Forge* as soon as it appeared.

The first time I read it I had simply given myself up to the sheer sensuous pleasure of watching the flow of pictures. I don't know any writer except Colette who has that same power of evoking, not only shapes and colours, but smells and textures.

Lawrence's descriptions, vivid as they are, are cloying compared to the fine sharp edge of Barea's. Lawrence forces you to see plants and animals through a quivering heat haze of his own projected emotions. But Barea gives you the illusion of looking at whatever object he presents to you . . . a woman's hand, a blacksmith at his anvil, a junk shop in Madrid, the bubbles on a tube of shaving soap—through clear glass and not through someone else's distorting lens. It is the ability to produce that illusion which makes Barea an artist and not merely a brilliant reporter.

Do you know Edward Weston's photographs? He never, as far as I know, fakes or arranges his subjects, but his pictures have a peculiar quality that you don't find even in the most intelligent 'creative' photographers. Weston will show you a bull's skull in the Arizona desert, or an old glove half-buried in sand so that you seem to see them *sub specie æternitatis*. I'm told that his pupils will take pictures of the identical object from exactly the same angle with the same camera, same lighting, same stops, and the result is merely an excellent photograph, not a work of art.

To me Barea's writing has the same quality as Weston's photography. It is so purely visual that I imagine it could be translated into any language and produce the same effect. Therefore things that might have been irritating, such as his use of the eternal present, and a rather loose and choppy style (which may be due to translation difficulties) didn't worry me.

It seemed a profoundly uneasy book—uneasy as a man who can't sleep and shifts restlessly from his right side to his left—the classic predicament of the day in fact. Barea, more keenly than most of us, has a particular right to feel the predicament. His

mother was a washerwoman, the aunt who brought him up a fairly well-off bourgeoise; his uncles included an enormously wealthy lawyer, a skilled blacksmith and a successful peasant farmer. The most exquisite character in the book, his mother, was a simple and devout Catholic; his aunt a conventionally pious but narrow and selfish dévote, his grandmother a militant atheist. He knows from the inside the lives of beggars, bank-clerks, shop assistants, bourgeois and peasants. He has been rich and poor, employer and employed, submissive and rebellious, believer and sceptic.

Since *The Forge* only takes the author up to his twentieth year, one doesn't expect him to have found any solutions. It is enough that he should state his predicament and leave it at that. There is only one point where I feel at all competent to judge whether or not he has stated it exactly; that is in his indictment of Catholicism. Not that I don't believe there may be usurers, neurotics, lechers and exploiters among the Spanish clergy. His scandals are as likely to be true as the far more sensational scandals St. Catherine of Siena castigated in the Italian clergy of her time. Barea draws at least one admirable priest in the Father Rector of his school as well as many indifferent, and downright bad ones. But I had a shock when Father Joachim, whom he had described as a kind of St. Francis, suddenly produced a 'wife' and a son. I can accept the woman and the son (Father Joachim was an excellent man who made it quite clear that he had not a vocation) but not the fact that, still wearing the soutane, saying mass, and administering the sacraments (and incidentally encouraging Barea to attend them) he should introduce his child's mother as 'my wife'. The episode may have been true, yet given everything he has said of Father Joachim, it didn't *ring* true.

But these details of behaviour are irrelevant compared to some of the curious statements he makes about Catholic doctrine. Are Spanish children really taught, not that there are three persons in God, but that there are 'three Gods, but only one true God' (p. 173)? And does even the most ignorant Catholic believe that, however much individual priests may flatter the rich and despise the poor, 'when you are rich you have everything including heaven' (p 184)? In this connection he goes on to make some extraordinary statements about indulgences which are almost incredible in anyone who has ever been a Catholic.

If Barea really believes such things, his priests were obviously more competent to teach him advanced mathematics than elementary dogma. But if he only wants to make you think he believes them in order to pile on the agony, you are left only with the entrancing picture book and no means of knowing how many of the pictures transcribe real experiences. It may be crude of me to worry about their 'truth' . . . he is, after all, composing an autobiographical work of art, which may be a blend of the real and the fantastic like Rilke's *Malte Laurids Brigge*, and not a sociological manual. Incidentally both Rilke's book and *The Forge* produced very much the same effect on me: complete intoxication on the first reading; considerable uneasiness on the second. But it is Barea's own fault if he writes with such an air of conviction that one feels cheated if one has to stop, even for a moment, to question such apparently disingenuous sincerity.

ANTONIA WHITE

Struggle for the Spanish Soul. By Arturo Barea. Searchlight Books, 2s.

'The dies of Europe are cast—they were cast during the war in Spain', said General Franco in his famous anti-British speech on July 18th, 1941, and for once he spoke the truth. Spain is Europe's Original Sin; that is why the memories of that ridiculously small-scale war remain unblurred in our minds even now, and bear such a strong emotional charge.

Arturo Barea's book is an excellent survey of the historic roots, the economic and mass-psychologic realities of Spanish fascism; the only point to criticize is the pompous title. In fact it is a little masterpiece of that new branch in writing: the hybrid between book and pamphlet, which seems to gain an ever-increasing importance in mass-education. I have read quite a number of voluminous books on Spain, and was surprised how many new facts I learned from Barea's 30,000 word booklet; among other things the first plausible character-analysis of that strange little monster-caudillo.

Yet the main topical value of the book is its demonstration of the uncannily efficient way in which Nazism is able to fit in foreign national aspirations into its New Order scheme:

'. . . Germany fully realizes the possibilities of a Hispanic Fascism which would group together the South American raw

material exporting countries under the hegemony of a falangist Spain, as a most valuable complement to the European industrial countries under German domination. . . . German organizations in the South American countries collaborate with Falange organizations, but leave the Spaniards to do the more conspicuous work. Hitler's own dreams of world power may well coincide with the most extravagant hopes of Spanish imperialists.'

This is only one example of the magic attraction which Hitler's New Order is able to exert on the ambitious ruling castes in a number of European countries. On the other hand, there are about one million Spaniards in prisons and concentration camps and about ten times as much opposed to the Christian Gentleman's regime. Yet Barea makes it politely but unmistakably clear that 'it would be impossible to link up this great potential force with England's struggle if these Spaniards had the feeling that the English remembered them only as a last resort, when things are going badly. To mobilize the latent strength of the common people in Spain who are unconquered and unconquerable by despotism and fascism, England will have to make it plain that she really stands for the freedom and self-determination of *all* peoples.'

To believe that the letter V and four bars of a Beethoven symphony are sufficient to make all this plain to the Spaniards and the common people of about thirty other European nations, requires a certain optimism.

X.

Folios of New Writing: Spring 1941. The Hogarth Press. 5s.

THIS number of *New Writing* has an admirable unity. The critical articles are skilfully balanced by the creative work which worthily represents the best of what *New Writing* stands for. So that Mr. Henry Green's remarkable piece of reportage on fire fighting, two admirable stories by Chinese writers, Mr. V. S. Pritchet's character study 'Aunt Gertrude', Laurie Lee's and Lawrence Little's poems, appear almost as illustrations of the answers to Virginia Woolf's essay on *The Leaning Tower*. The three answers are all interesting and the edge is taken off a certain acerbity which the writers themselves might now regret, by Mr. Lehmann's tactful summing up. Mr. Upward gives the writers of the

HENRY MOORE

Reclining Woman: Carving in Brown Hornton Stone 1929
(Temple Newsam Collection)

HENRY MOORE

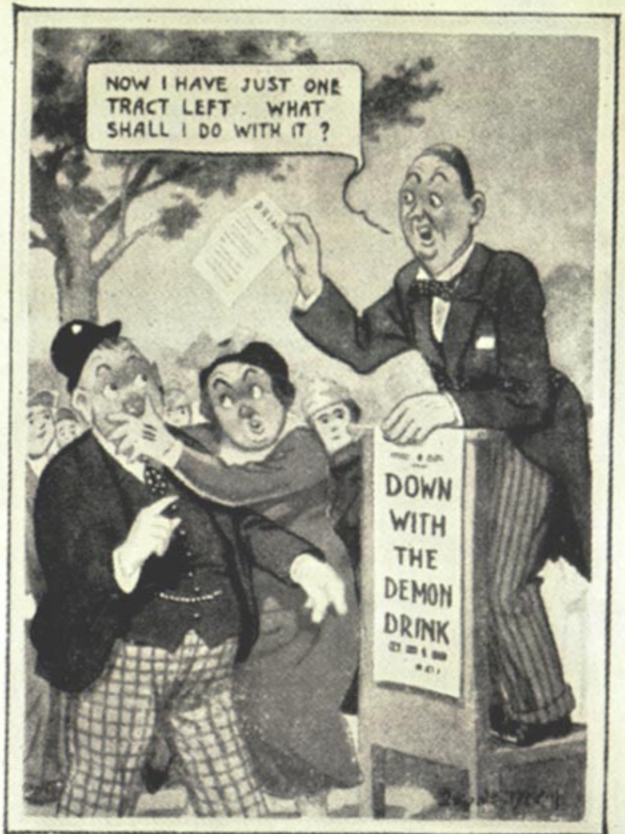
above and left

Reclining Figure
(Elm) 1939

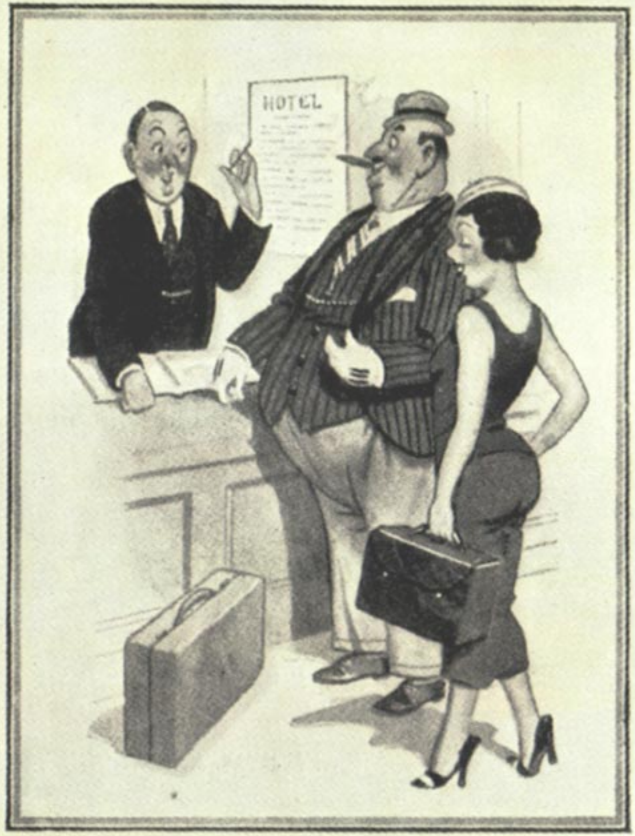
(Miss Elizabeth Onslow-Ford
Collection)

HENRY MOORE
Bird Basket (Lignum Vitae 1938)

"Don't say it George!"



"I and my daughter would like adjoining bedrooms!"



'thirties more praise than we might have expected. He thinks they were good in so far as they were socialist, not good enough because not socialist enough. He criticises them for not carrying their political creed further, pointing out that the material difficulties which hindered them from doing so were by no means insuperable. It does not seem to occur to him that these difficulties were anything except ones of self-interest. Perhaps now that Alexei Tolstoi is broadcasting praise of the English courageous resistance to Fascism under wise leadership, he may be wondering whether the English intellectuals who refused to follow the 'Party Line' when it out-Chamberlained Chamberlain did so entirely out of a desire to preserve their private incomes and social privileges. The automatic cynicism of communist critics about the motives of their opponents is rather boring.

The poems by Laurie Lee are fresh and innocent imagist poetry. Mr. Little is a poet of real interest, rather literal and turgid at present, but he might break through into sweetness and light. Another interesting poet is Adam Drinan. Altogether this is a number which should be read from cover to cover.

S. S.

ABOUT THIS NUMBER

In presenting two reviews of *The Forge*, one by a politically-minded agnostic, the other by a woman and a Catholic, *Horizon* is experimenting with a new method of obtaining greater accuracy in reviewing, and which it hopes to apply to certain other books in the future. Frank Budgen, painter and air-raid warden, contributed a memoir on Joyce in February. *Comment* will re-appear in the next number.

There was an unfortunate misprint in the August *Horizon*. The last page of John's autobiography requires the words 'Miracles I guaranteed—' inserted after *choroi* in line six, and the sentence at the end of the paragraph 'I knew I could depend on' should immediately follow.

All readers of A. J. A. Symons' two articles on *Wilde at Oxford* will be distressed to hear of his sudden death at the age of forty-one. A memoir, and *The Diner Out* (the unpublished introduction to his Wilde book) will appear in October.

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